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HYMNS OF LOVE
AND PRAISE.





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H Y M N S O F L O V E
A N D P R A I S E .



HYMNS OF LOVE AND PRAISE

FOR

THE CHURCH'S YEAR.

BY

JOHN S. B. MONSELL, LL.D.

VICAR OF EGHAM; AUTHOR OF PARISH MUSINGS,

SPIRITUAL SONGS, ETC.



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1863.

100. n. 236.





IN HONOUR OF GOD,

AND

TO THE MEMORY OF TWO DEAR CHILDREN

NOW IN REST WITH

HIM,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED.



In Memoriam.



THEY were,—but what avails it now
To tell of what has been?—
Fond-hearted, dear, and passing fair,
As e'er on earth were seen.

They are—in safety with their God,
Secure from sin and care,
And the bright day cannot be far
When we may meet them there.

The tears—our loss of them might claim,
Thoughts of their gain do dry,
That we may watch till Christ appears,
Bringing them in the sky.

Jesus!—their hope and life in death—
Our joy in grief and pain,
We live in Thee, live Thou in us,
And we shall meet again.





Preface.

THE following Hymns were written to illustrate an idea which has long filled their author's mind, that such portions of our Divine worship should be more fervent and joyous, more expressive of real and personal love to God than they are in general found to be.

We are, alas! too distant and reserved in our praises. We sing not, as if our hearts were on fire with the flame of Divine love and joy; as we should sing to Him, and of Him, Who is Chief among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. If we loved Him as we ought to do, we could not be so cold.

Toward the removal of this dulness and formality, few things are more helpful than

glowing tender Hymns ; they quicken as well as convey the desires of the soul, they say for us what many are unable to say for themselves, what a lifted eye, a voiceless breathing, has often said to God for us all ; and in the use of them the spirit catches their heavenly fervour, and draws nearer to Him it is adoring.

That these Hymns are altogether of such a character their author does not venture to assume. They are however the utterance of a soul conscious of most intense longings for closer communion with God ; and as such they may be helpful to others, gladdening and warming spiritual life in some hearts and homes of His people.

Their name tells what they desire to express,—Love to, and Praise of God : and if they tend in any degree to make that love in others more fervent and real, that praise more joyous and bright, they have not been written in vain.

Some metrical versions of portions of “ The Song of Songs ” are introduced, as affording, with the highest sanction, the most perfect

example of a Song of Love to God. It is remarkable how few are the alterations necessary to change them, from the form in which they stand in our Bibles, into the rhythm of English verse.

At the close of this volume will be found in full, the three Chapters from whence the hymns referred to are extracted.

A few of the Hymns now published have appeared elsewhere; but are introduced here as being supposed by their author to have more in them of what he deems the true hymn character than their companions in the volumes from which they are selected.

The great mass of all now put forth appear for the first time, having been written during the summer just ended. An admirable article on Hymnology, in the *Quarterly Review* of last April, suggested the idea of endeavouring to reach the higher standard therein presented.

To any objection which may be raised against a too frequent use of the singular number, the answer is, first, that there is abundant precedent for such usage in the Psalms of

David ; and, secondly, that the nature of the Hymns themselves necessarily required such a form, it being impossible to convey the personal individual yearning toward God, which they endeavour to express, in any other way.

May they prove in their lifetime (whatever its duration may be) as great helps and comforts to those who use them, as they have been to him who made them in their conception and birth.

Egham Vicarage, Surrey.

All Saints' Day, 1862.





HYMNS OF LOVE AND PRAISE.

Morning.

I.

*I will magnify Thee, O God, my King : and I will praise
Thy Name for ever and ever.*

*Every day will I give thanks unto Thee : and praise
Thy Name for ever and ever.—Ps. cxlv. 1, 2.*



ING to the Lord a joyful song,
Lift up your hearts, your voices
raise,

To us His gracious gifts belong,

To Him our songs of love and praise ;

For He's the Lord of heav'n and earth,

Whom angels serve and faints adore,

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,

To Whom be praise for evermore.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for He is good,
And praise His Name, for It is fair ;
For He's the Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For strength to those who on Him wait,
His truth to prove, His will to do,
Praise ye our God, for He is great,
Trust in His Name, for It is true ;
For He's the Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love His sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for He is love,
Exalt His Name, for It is joy ;
For He's the Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and saints adore,

MORNING.

3

The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die ;
Sing to the Lord of heav'n and earth,
Whom angels serve and faints adore,
The Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
To Whom be praise for evermore.



II.

*Awake up, my glory ; awake, lute and harp : I myself
will awake right early.—Ps. lvii. 9.*



WAKE, my glory ! harp and lute !
Let naught when God is praised
be mute ;

Awake right early, heart and voice !
And in thy Saviour's love rejoice.

Amongst the people I will sing
Hofannas to the glorious King ;
Amongst the nations I will raise
To my Redeemer songs of praise.

For, wider than the heav'ns extend,
His mercy over all doth bend ;
And, far beyond the pow'r of speech,
His truth into the clouds doth reach.

MORNING.

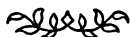
5

Set up Thyself, O God ! on high
Above the clouds, above the sky,
Till all the world proclaim Thy worth,
Thy glory above all the earth.

Where is the promise of Thy Word ?
Hast Thou forsaken us, O Lord ?
O, wilt Thou not our succour be,
Our help against the enemy ?

For vain is all the help of man,
Though strong to do, and wise to plan :
Through God alone shall we arise,
And tread down all our enemies.

Awake, my glory ! harp and lute !
Let naught when God is praised be mute ;
Awake right early, heart and voice !
And in thy Saviour's love rejoice.



Evening.

I.

At midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the Bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet Him.—S. Matt. xxv. 6.

NIM the lamp, its light is fading,
 Slowly steals the night away,
 From the blast its flicker shading,
 Round it watch, and near it pray;
 O my blessed Saviour! yearning
 As my spirit doth for Thee,
 May my lamp be bright and burning
 When Thou comest unto me.

Feed with oil the languid taper,
 Faintly by the night-wind fann'd,
 Hide it from the rising vapour
 In the hollow of Thy hand;

EVENING.

7

O my blessed Saviour ! yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be bright and burning
When Thou comest unto me.

Every weight that would encumber
Lay aside, my soul, and rise,
Shake from off thy heart the slumber
That is stealing o'er thine eyes ;
O my blessed Saviour ! yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be bright and burning
When Thou comest unto me.

Lo ! the Bride, in all her beauty,
Bending toward the eastern gate,
Clothed in praise, and girt with duty,
Doth upon her threshold wait ;
O my blessed Saviour ! yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be bright and burning
When Thou comest unto me.

Though the Bridegroom be delaying,
Yet His hand is on the door ;

When He comes, His second staying
Will be with us evermore ;
O my blessed Saviour ! yearning
As my spirit doth for Thee,
May my lamp be bright and burning
When Thou comest unto me.



II.

*It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord : and
to sing praises unto Thy Name, O most Highest ;*

*To tell of Thy loving-kindness early in the morning : and
of Thy truth in the night-season.—Ps. xcii. 1, 2.*



THINK of Thee, my God, by night,
And talk of Thee by day,
Thy love my treasure and delight,
Thy truth my strength and stay.

The day is dark, the night is long,
Unblest with thoughts of Thee,
And dull to me the sweetest song
Unless its theme Thou be.

Like pleasant thoughts of those we love
Which are of self a part,
Which neither day nor night remove
Out of the loving heart.

So all day long, and all the night,
Lord, let Thy presence be
Mine air, my breath, my shade, my light—
Myself absorb'd in Thee.



Advent Sunday.

*Surely I come quickly ; Amen. Even so, come, Lord
Jesus.—Rev. xxii. 20.*



'ER the distant mountains breaking
Comes the redd'ning dawn of day,
Rise, my soul, from sleep awaking,
Rise and sing, and watch and pray :
'Tis thy Saviour
On His bright returning way.

O Thou long-expected ! weary
Waits mine anxious soul for Thee,
Life is dark, and earth is dreary
Where Thy light I do not see ;
O my Saviour !
When wilt Thou return to me ?

Long, too long, in sin and sadness,
Far away from Thee I pine,

When, O when, shall I the gladness
Of Thy Spirit feel in mine ?
O my Saviour !
When shall I be wholly thine ?

Nearer is my soul's salvation,
Spent the night, the day at hand,
Keep me in my lowly station,
Watching for Thee, till I stand,
O my Saviour !
In Thy bright and promised land.

With my lamp well trimm'd and burning,
Swift to hear, and slow to roam,
Watching for Thy glad returning
To restore me to my home,
Come, my Saviour !
O my Saviour, quickly come !



Second Sunday in Advent.

*O praise the Lord with me : and let us magnify His
Name together.—Ps. xxxiv. 3.*



RAISE the Lord ! rejoice, ye
Gentiles,
All ye people, laud His Name,
Let your lives, and let your voices
His eternal Love proclaim :
Praise to God the glorious Giver,
Christ the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter for ever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

There shall be a root of Jesse,
And in Him, the wise and just,
That shall reign over the Gentiles,
Shall the Gentiles ever trust :
Praise to God the glorious Giver,
Christ the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter for ever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

God of Hope ! my heart's devotion
Wholly unto Thee belongs,
Wilt Thou not forgive my frailty ?
Wilt Thou not accept my songs ?
Praise to God the glorious Giver,
Christ the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter for ever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

O my God, how Thy Salvation
Fills my heart with peace and joy,
Patience gives, and consolation
Which the world cannot destroy :
Praise to God the glorious Giver,
Christ the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter for ever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !

For that Love whose tender mercies
Purest joys do daily bring,
I will in my life confess Thee,
With my mouth Thy praises sing :

ADVENT.

15

Praise to God the glorious Giver,
Christ the Saviour of the lost,
And the Comforter for ever,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost !



Third Sunday in Advent.

*Awake, awake, put on strength, O arm of the Lord !
awake, as in the ancient days, in the generations of old.*
—Isaiah li. 9.

THE Good old Times ! how glorious !
When will they come again,
When Christ from Heav'n
descended

And walk'd the earth with men ?
When human care and sickness
Lay lamb-like by His side,
When sorrow fled before Him,
And death before Him died.

The blind their sight receivèd,
The lame arose and walk'd,
The lepers they were cleansèd,
The dumb with Jesus talk'd ;


The dead by Him were raised
And, of all signs most sure,
The everlasting Gospel
Was preachèd to the poor !

O blessed, blessed Saviour !
When will Thine Advent be ?
When shall the world expectant
Rise up and welcome Thee ?
When shall the glorious wonders,
Which hail'd Thy primal birth,
Return in greater glory
With Thy return to earth ?

The sleepers shall awaken,
Thy voice the dead shall raise,
The blind shall see Thy beauty,
The dumb sing forth Thy praise :
All sickness shall be healèd
With everlasting cure,
And the Eternal Gospel
Believed by rich and poor.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

Be glad, O ye righteous, and rejoice in the Lord: and be joyful, all ye that are true of heart.—Ps. xxxii. 12.

ET others in their wealth delight,
 And glory in their pride,
 Exalt their wisdom, boast their
 might,
 And in their strength confide ;
 But I will in the Lord rejoice,
 His be my heart, and His my voice !

Let others down the paths of life
 In heedless mirth pass on,
 Grasp all its joys, shun all its strife,
 And live for self alone ;
 But I will in the Lord rejoice,
 His be my heart, and His my voice !

With rising morn, His glorious Name,
With setting eve, His Praise,
My life shall earnestly proclaim
Through all its works and ways ;
In Him alone will I rejoice,
With harp and lute, with heart and voice.

I'll watch for His returning light,
And, when I praise or pray,
My thoughts shall be of waning night,
My hopes of dawning day ;
Always in Him will I rejoice,
His be my heart, and His my voice !

And thus while running life's long race,
Though let and hinder'd fore,
His mercy and His bounteous grace
Will help me evermore ;
Who doth in Him alone rejoice,
Shall have light heart, and cheerful voice.

Happy ! life's vanities to miss,
Its dangers to withstand,


The secret of my gladness this,
My Saviour is at hand !
Soon in His presence I'll rejoice
With sinless heart and ceaseless voice !



Christmas-day.

I.

*Unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour,
which is Christ the Lord.—S. Luke ii. 11.*

 O Christ the Lord!
The Incarnate Word!
Who left for us His Father's throne,
Put off His Crown,
To earth came down,
And lived amongst us as our own,
The praises of our lives belong;
Accept, O Lord, both lives and song.

To Him who lay,
As on this day,
Low in His manger bed on earth;
The Holy Child
Who, undefiled,
Was born to give us second birth;
The praises of our lives belong,
Accept, O Lord, both lives and song.

His Name be blest,
Who, from His rest,
Came down to suffer for us here,
Our sins to bear,
Our griefs to share,
To shed, and dry the mourner's tear ;
To Him our lives and praise belong,
Accept, O Lord, both lives and song.

Glory and love
To God above
Be ever in the Highest given,
Good will to men
Below, and then
Peace, endless peace, 'twixt earth and Heav'n ;
Our lives, our praise to Christ belong,
Accept, O Lord, both lives and song.



II.

*Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will
toward men.—S. Luke ii. 14.*



LORY be to God on high !
Peace on earth ! good will toward
men !

Angels tell it from the sky,
Sinners answer it again ;
Ye who round the throne admire,
Ye who are redeem'd on earth,
Swell the everlasting choir,
Sing your glorious Saviour's birth.

We were lost, but we are found,
Dead, but now alive are we ;
We were fore in bondage bound,
Till He came to set us free ;
Strangers, and He takes us in,
Naked, He becomes our dress,
Sick, and He from stain of sin
Cleanses with His righteousness.


Therefore will we sing His praise
Who His lost ones hath restored,
Hearts and voices both shall raise
Hallelujahs to the Lord ;
Alleluia ! Heav'n is won !
Alleluia ! man is free !
Alleluia ! God's own Son
Saviour is eternally !

In the lowest, far beneath
All the depths of human care,
Where, amid the shades of death,
Man knew nothing but despair ;
In the highest, far above
Seraph's gaze or angel's ken,
Glory to the God of Love !
Peace on earth ! good will toward men !



First Sunday after Christmas.

*If Thy Presence go not with me, carry us not up
hence.—Ex. xxxiii. 15.*

 **U**F Thy Presence go not with me,
Carry us not up" from "hence,"
Never let our self-reliance
With Thy guidance, Lord, dispense.

"If thy trust on Me dependeth,"
Saith the Voice that comforts best,
"Then My Presence shall go with thee,
And My Joy shall give thee rest."

Human skill and human foresight
Vainly lead our footsteps here,
If Thy Presence go not with us,
All is shadow, doubt, and fear.

If our ways by Thee be order'd,
And Thy Name by us confest,
Then Thy Presence shall go with us,
And Thy peace shall give us rest.

Here are hope and goodly promise,
Fear and fainting hearts are there
If Thy Presence go not with us,
Doubtfulness is everywhere.

If in all the eye be single,
Clean the hands, and pure the breast,
Then Thy Presence shall go with us,
And Thy guidance give us rest.



Second Sunday after Christmas.

*How fair and how pleasant art thou, O Love, for
delights.—Cant. vii. 6.*

LOVE my song! Divine and fair!
Love that makes my life its care;
That in early morning found me,
Twined its tender arms around me,
Through the sultry noontide led me,
Comforted, sustain'd, and fed me,
Back from all my wand'rings guided,
And for all my wants provided,
Through my trials manifold
Never once relax'd its hold,
But was still the same as ever,
In my changings changing never;
Love I sing! the love I share,
Love divine, and fresh, and fair!

Love my song! both day and night,
Love eternal! infinite!

Love, the life within me moving,
Love, the spring of all my loving,
Love, the air whose breath enfold me,
Comforts, strengthens, and upholds me,
Love, the light all life pervading,
Chequer'd oft, but never fading ;
Love, whose motion and whose rest
Are in Him who loves me best ;
O my God ! my heart can never
Know its mysteries, but ever
I will sing of what I share,
Love divine, and fresh, and fair !



The Circumcision of Christ.

The Blood of Christ, Who through the Eternal Spirit offered Himself without spot to God, purge your conscience from dead works to serve the living God.—Heb. ix. 14.



HOURS, and days, and months, and
years,

Come and go, arise and fall,
Gains and losses, smiles and tears
 Freely scatter'd through them all;
O my Saviour! let them be
 (Pregnant with Thy life divine)
Spent in better serving Thee,
 And becoming wholly Thine.

O'er the threshold of the year,
 Sprinkled with Thy precious blood,
Let me draw to Thee more near,
 Made by Thee more wise and good;

O my Saviour ! when this soul
Proudly would its way pursue,
Let Thy sorrow's soft control
Gently chasten and subdue.

For the blessed years gone by,
And the joys which wing'd their flight,
For the blessed hopes on high,
Making all the future bright ;
For the stay and strength Thou art,
Ever waft, and still shalt be,
O my Saviour ! let this heart
Ring its joy-bells out to Thee.

Let the mem'ry of the past
Shed its glow on years to come,
Yield its wisdom, and at last
Light my wand'ring footsteps home ;
O my Saviour ! with Thy blood
Sprinkle all my future days,
Make them holy, keep them good,
Fill them with Thine endless praise.

The Epiphany.

God was manifest in the flesh.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

RRAISE the Lord, ye heav'ns above !
 Answer back, O earth again !
 Robed in mercy, veil'd in love,
 God is manifest to men !

Spread His glorious praise abroad,
 Of His loving mercy sing,
 Sing ye praises to our God !
 Sing ye praises to our King !

Though He in a manger lies,
 He is Lord of heav'n and earth,
 Hell before Him moved doth rise,
 Death is trembling at His birth.

Guided by His leading Star
To the footstool of your King,
Come, ye nations, from afar,
And your hearts as tribute bring.

Bring your gold, an offering meet,
All your richest treasures lay,
Come and lay them at the feet
Of your infant King to-day.

Incense of the loving soul
Offer in His poor abode,
Let its clouds of perfume roll
Round the infant Son of God.

Myrrh ! the emblem of that Faith,
Which, through all His sorrows, can
See the life which springs from death,
Offer to the Son of man.

He hath rent the parting veil,
He hath made the nations one,
O ye favèd nations, hail !
Come and hail th' Eternal Son !

EPIPHANY.

33

Come with faith serene and sure,
Do His will, and tread His ways,
Come with hearts uplift and pure,
Come with endless songs of praise.

His eternal mercies laud,
His eternal praises sing,
Sing ye praises to our God,
Sing ye praises to our King.



First Sunday after Epiphany.

*And Jesus increased in wisdom and stature, and in favour
with God and man.—S. Luke ii. 52.*

MY Saviour ! how my soul admires
The wisdom of Thy youth to see,
Yet still, with holier desires,
Longs more for Thy humility.

Sweet are the gracious words which fall
Where sages wonder and approve,
But sweeter far than these, than all,
The accents of Thy filial love.

Thy Father's business must be done
At duty's call, but still Thou art
Loth, as a true and tender Son,
To grieve Thy gentle mother's heart.

Back to her lowly cot dost Thou
With child-like heart and steps return,
Beneath her loving fway to bow,
And from her ponder'd teaching learn ;

To wait while time with progress flow
Prepares Thee for Thy mission high,
Then forth into the world to go,
To teach, to suffer, and to die.

Blest be Thy love ! Thou Saviour dear !
Thy thoughtful love for ever blest !
Which unto man doth stoop so near
To make Thy goodness manifest.

The greatness of that mighty love
Which does not little things despise,
But to be meek and good would prove
Is to be truly great and wise.

Blest be that love ! and blest the homes
Where, taught by Thine example true,
Childhood is train'd till manhood comes,
And leads us forth Thy will to do.

Second Sunday after Epiphany.

I am the true Vine.—S. John xv. 1.

Thy love is better than wine.—Cant. i. 2.

MYSTERIOUS is Thy presence,
 Lord !
 Awful Thy power divine,
 The water hears Thy faintest word
 And blushes into wine.

The clouds, that round us dark and low
 With threat'ning aspect move,
 If Thou dost look upon them, glow
 With rainbow lights of love.

The grain, that from the sower's hand
 Is scatter'd on the mould,
 Soon in the valleys thick shall stand,
 Return'd a thousand fold.

The dews, which evening skies distil
 Around the creeping vine,
At Thy command arise and fill
 The blood-red grape with wine.

Thus holy truths around us lie
 Doing their humble part,
But wanting the attentive eye,
 And the believing heart.

Thus at Thy Holy Feast, O Lord,
 We kneel, and we believe
That that which Thy creative word
 Hath made it, we receive.

Though naught, or worse than naught to some,
 Yet, rightly understood,
The bread Thy Body doth become,
 The wine Thy precious Blood.

Myfterious truth ! which human pride
 Must bow to and adore,
Which in our heart of hearts we hide,
 Believe, and ask no more.

Third Sunday after Epiphany.

Lord, if Thou wilt, Thou canst make me clean.

S. Matt. viii. 2.



ORD, if Thou wilt," the sick man
cries,

He knows not what Thy will may
be,

But in Thine arms submissive lies,

Leaving the future all to Thee ;

" Lord, if Thou wilt," Thou canst restore,

This he believes, and asks no more.

But save me or I perish, Lord !

This is the sinner's earnest prayer,

He knows he has Thy Sacred Word,

And never need in Thee despair ;

Shelter me in Thy wounded side,

I cannot, will not, be denied.


My Saviour ! how Thy tender heart
Loves to be trusted by Thine own ;
O, what a Friend of friends Thou art
If we but lean on Thee alone ;
None ever need afflicted be
Who cast their care, O Lord, on Thee.

Speak but the word, and I am whole,
Bid me draw nigh Thee, I am blest,
Save, only save my precious soul,
I'll trust Thy love for all the rest ;
If Thou wilt lay the jewel by,
I care not where the casket lie.



Fourth Sunday after Epiphany.

Lord, save us ; we perish.—S. Matt. viii. 25.

 HE world's rude tempest rages !
Rough is life's stormy sea !
O blessed Saviour ! save us,
We perish without Thee.

Arise, and lay the billows
Around us calm and deep !
Awake, and bid the passions
That swell within us sleep !

Lift up Thyself amongst us,
And let Thy Presence fill
The void that makes the tempest,
Till every heart be still ;

EPIPHANY.

41

Till every sorrow slumber,
And every passion cease,
Then shall we sing our praises
To Thee, the God of peace ;

To Thee Who never lets us
Have needless care, nor yet
In all our sin forgets us,
Though we may Thee forget.

O Holy Father ! shelter,
O Holy Spirit ! be
Our Comforter, through Jesus,
We perish without Thee !



Fifth Sunday after Epiphany.

*He that goeth forth and weepeth, bearing precious seed,
shall doubtless come again with rejoicing, bringing his
sheaves with him.—Ps. cxxvi. 6.*



BOUNTEOUS Blessor of the seed-
time !

Sweet Refresher of the soil !
Great Ingatherer of the harvest !
For which all Thy people toil ;
O Thou Fount ! of every blessing
Shower'd daily from above,
Stoop to hear our hearts confessing
All their gladness in Thy love.

Blessed be the Hand that gave us
Thought and feeling, life and limb,
Blest His Heart Who died to save us,
Blessings evermore to Him !

Blest the tender love which makes us
Fit to serve Him as we ought,
Never leaves us, nor forsakes us,
Till into His garner brought.

With Thy dews and sunshine tend us
Through life's long and changeful year,
From the enemy defend us,
Lest the tares of sin appear ;
Ever in Thy mercy sparing,
Watching late and waiting long,
And Thy judgment still forbearing
Lest Thy children suffer wrong.

Bounteous Bleffer of the seed-time !
Sweet Refresher of the heart !
Great Ingatherer of the harvest !
O, how full of love Thou art !
Let Thine eye and hand the keepers
Of our souls for ever be,
Till Thine angel harvest-reapers
Life's full bundles bind for Thee.

Sixth Sunday after Epiphany.

As long as I am in the world, I am the Light of the World.—S. John ix. 5.

LIGHT of the World !” we hail
 Thee
 Flushing the eastern skies,
 Never shall darkness veil Thee
 Again from human eyes ;
 Too long, alas ! withholden,
 Now spread from shore to shore,
 Thy light, so glad and golden,
 Shall set on earth no more.

“ Light of the World !” Thy beauty
 Steals into every heart,
 And glorifies with duty
 Life’s poorest, humblest part ;
 Thou robest in Thy splendour
 The simple ways of men,
 And helpst them to render
 Light back to Thee again.

“ Light of the World ! ” before Thee
Our spirits prostrate fall,
We worship, we adore Thee,
Thou Light, the life of all ;
With Thee is no forgetting
Of all Thine hand hath made,
Thy rising hath no setting,
Thy sunshine hath no shade.

“ Light of the World ! ” illumine
This darken’d land of Thine,
Till everything that’s human
Be fill’d with what’s divine ;
Till every tongue and nation,
From sin’s dominion free,
Rise in the new creation
Which springs from Love and Thee.



Septuagesima Sunday.

The Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire labourers into his vineyard.—S. Matt. xx. 1.



EARLY in the morning,"
Call'd by Love and Thee,
My Master ! in Thy vineyard

A labourer to be ;
Ah ! woe were I complaining
Of burden or of heat,
To work for Thee, my Saviour,
Is in itself so sweet.

If I from early morning
For Thee, my God, have toil'd,
Have hurt my hands with labour,
My brow with heat have soil'd,
Was not Thy care my shelter ?
Was not Thy love my rest ?
Was not my pillow nightly,
Sweet Saviour, on Thy breast ?

Thou didst not leave me idle
To waste my life away,
But Thou didst call me early,
Just at my dawn of day ;
I never knew the moment
In which I might not claim
The comfort of Thy kindness,
The honour of Thy Name.

And when the evening closes,
And Thou dost summon me
Home to receive the wages
Of all my toil for Thee,
To me will naught be owing,—
Thou didst, from day to day,
For my poor work so largely
With tender-mercies pay.


Nay, count it not as wages,
Or death the wage will prove,
Whatever, Lord, Thou givest,
Give for Thine own dear love ;

The love that call'd me early,
The love that all along
Bore with my faults, be my reward
As it is now my song.



Sexagesima Sunday.

In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand: for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good.—Eccles. xi. 6.

WEET is the gentle voice of Spring,
Whose breathing, soft and deep,
Calls, with its quiet whispering,
The wintry world from sleep ;
But sweeter far, my God, to me
Thy life-reviving voice,
Which bids my sleeping soul for Thee
Awaken and rejoice.

And bounteous is the sower's hand,
As o'er the furrow'd plain
He scatters broad-cast on the land
The seed of golden grain ;

Yet still more bountiful Thou art
To me, my gracious Lord,
Who daily sowest in my heart
That precious seed, Thy Word.

From evil thoughts, foul birds of air
That hov'ring round me stay
To stoop upon my heart, and bear
The seed of life away ;
From feelings that could ne'er alone
Ensure abiding joy,
From cares and pleasures, all too prone
My comfort to destroy ;

O Lord, preserve, preserve and bless
Thy work with large increase,
That I may thus my soul possess
In patience and in peace ;
So shall my love Thy truth adore,
And, for Thy gifts untold,
Thine own shall unto Thee restore
More than an hundred-fold.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

*And now abideth Faith, Hope, Charity, these three ; but
the greatest of these is Charity.—1 Cor. xiii. 13.*



THOUGH with tongues of men and
angels
I may tell of mighty love,
Like to sounding brags or cymbal
All my eloquence must prove ;
I am useless, Lord, to Thee
If I have not Charity.

Though with gifts prophetic searching
Deep into all mysteries ;
Though with faith to bid the mountains
Rise and sink into the seas ;
I am nothing, naught can be,
If I have not Charity.

Though my goods to feed the hungry
I may cheerfully resign,
Though my body to be burnèd,
Lord, in martyrdom be Thine ;
Nothing can it profit me,
If I have not Charity.

Charity is meek and lowly,
Puff'd not up with lofty mind,
Vaunteth not itself, nor envieth,
Suff'reth gently, and is kind ;
O my Saviour ! fill for me
All my soul with Charity.

Charity, in naught unseemly,
Doth not even seek her own,
Is not easily provokèd,
Ill of others thinketh none ;
O my Saviour ! let me be
Ever clothed in Charity.

Loving truth and hating evil,
Bearing whatfoe'er befall,
All things hoping, all believing,
Patiently enduring all ;

This—so dear, my God, to Thee—
This is blessed Charity.

Tongues may cease, and knowledge vanish,
Prophecies in time decay,
Charity, it never faileth,
It can never pass away ;
Though the tongue which taught it die,
Still surviveth Charity.

As in man the ways of childhood
Soon are lost and disappear,
Though the fruits of early training
Grow and ripen year by year ;
So, when means of grace shall die,
Grace survives in Charity.

Here, in part, and seen but dimly,
Lord, Thy guiding Hand we trace,
There, as we have known, we'll know Thee,
There shall see Thee face to face ;
Where abide the Holy Three,
Chiefest there is Charity.

Ash Wednesday.

My sins have taken such hold upon me that I am not able to look up: yea, they are more in number than the hairs of my head, and my heart hath failed me.—Ps. xl.

15.

MY sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 They take such hold on me,
 I am not able to look up,
 Save only, Christ, to Thee;
 In Thee is all forgiveness,
 In Thee abundant grace,
 My shadow and my sunshine.
 The brightness of Thy face.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour!
 How sad on Thee they fall,
 Seen through Thy gentle patience,
 I ten-fold feel them all;

I know they are forgiven,
But still, their pain to me
Is all the grief and anguish
They laid, my Lord, on Thee.

My sins, my sins, my Saviour !
Their guilt I never knew
Till, with Thee, in the desert
I near Thy passion drew ;
Till with Thee in the garden
I heard Thy pleading prayer,
And saw the sweat-drops bloody
That told Thy sorrow there.

Therefore my songs, my Saviour !
E'en in this time of woe,
Shall tell of all Thy goodness
To suff'ring man below ;
Thy goodness and Thy favour,
Whose presence from above,
Rejoice those hearts, my Saviour,
That live in Thee and love.

First Sunday in Lent.

Can God furnish a table in the wilderness?

Ps. lxxviii. 19.



AND dost Thou fast, and may I feast,
 O Bread of Heav'n, on Thee,
 Oneday in seven, from grief released,
 Set by Thy mercy free?

And art Thou day by day distressed
 With cares that round Thee close,
 While I may in Thy blessed rest
 One day in seven repose?

Heavy Thy self-imposed load,
 Thy burden on me light;
 The lonely desert Thine abode,
 But mine Thy Garden bright,

Where I, beneath the Tree of Life,
May gather living food,
And, far removed from sin and strife,
Grow to be wise and good.

Thy forty days must all be spent
Ere thou, O Lord, canst prove
Thy Father's tender mercies, sent
By angel hands of love :

But weekly, in my time of need,
Thou com'st to comfort me,
And through my fast dost let me feed,
O bread of Heaven, on Thee !

Thy Table in the wilderness
For my refreshment spread,
Thyself the food, and Thou to bless
And break the heavenly bread.

Lord, in these days of holy calm
I'll gather strength in prayer,
My sorrows soothe with Gilead's balm,
And lighten Lenten care ;

In pastures green my portion cast,
Beside the waters still,
My meat and drink, through all my fast,
To do my Father's will.



Second Sunday in Lent.

Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him.

Job xiii. 15.

THOUGH Thou slay me, I will trust,
 Thou art God, but I am dust ;
 Though Thou grieve, Thy grace I'll
 prove,
 I am loveless, Thou art love.

Though Thou seem to turn away,
 I will nearer to Thee stay ;
 Though Thy silence wound me sore,
 I will weary Thee the more.

Though Thy face I cannot see,
 Well I know 'tis turn'd to me ;
 Though the cloud exclude its light,
 Well I know its beams are bright.

Though the children's bread denied,
Still I linger by Thy side ;
Though Thy fulness Thou refuse,
Still the crumbs I may not lose.

Any sorrow I can bear,
Save the sorrow of despair,
Anything Thou ask'st resign,
Save the bliss of being Thine.

Nothing that mine eyes can see
Shall disturb my Faith in Thee ;
He that Christ hath can afford
To wait the leisure of the Lord.



Third Sunday in Lent.

*According to Thy mercy remember Thou me for Thy
goodness' sake, O Lord.—Ps. xxv. 7.*

BABE of Bethlehem ! Thy manger
Is above all thrones on earth ;
God of gods ! Thy greatest glory
Is Thy lowly human birth.
O, if in Thy deep abasement
I through grace forget not Thee,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Gentle Jesus ! as a stranger
Yielding where the Child was free,
Rich Thy tribute from Thy people,
Richer than in mine or sea ;
O, if in Thy meek forbearance
I Thy truest glory see,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Saviour ! for Thy people homeless,
That their homes might feel the light
And the warmth of Thy forgiveness
Resting on them day and night ;
O, if in the lonely mountain
I through grace can watch with Thee,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Lower than of beasts that perish
Though Thine earthly shelter prove,
Higher than of bright arch-angels
Is the Godhead of Thy love :
O, if on that brow unshelter'd
I Thy kingly crown can see,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Wearied with life's toil and travail,
Saviour ! take me to Thy breast,
By that fount of living waters
Let my soul lie down and rest :

O, if in Thy human weakness
I the well of life can see,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom
Wilt Thou not remember me?



Fourth Sunday in Lent.

I am Thine, O save me.—Ps. cxix. 94.

NOW at Thy feet I lie,
O blessed Saviour mine,
Comfort me, or I die,

O, save me, I am thine !
Thine by the gift of life,
Thine by the grace of love,
O, save me through this strife
Till I am Thine above !

My soul is sick from sin,
Fears compass it about,
O, cleanse me from within,
And guard me from without :
To me Thy truth impart,
To me Thine ear incline !
O, take me to Thy heart,
My Saviour ! I am Thine.

In fast, and watch, and prayer,
 My days and nights I'll spend,
 If only I may share
 Thy sorrows, dearest Friend ;
 For O, the bitter pain,
 When any sin of mine
 That blood-wash'd heart doth stain,
 Which should be purely Thine.

I shall not die but live,
 And all Thy love declare,
 So bountiful to give,
 So merciful to spare ;
 My broken heart I'll rest,
 My weary head recline,
 My Saviour ! on Thy breast,
 And whisper, " I am Thine."



Fifth Sunday in Lent.

And gladness is taken away, and joy out of the plentiful field; and in the vineyards there shall be no singing, neither shall there be shouting; the treaders shall tread out no wine in their presses; I have made their vintage shouting to cease.—Isaiah xvi. 10.



THE world is bright, but I am sad
 Thy pain, my Lord, to see,
 I would not, if I could, be glad
 When Thou art grieved for me.

To Thee sweet birds with tuneful voice
 Sing praise from every tree,
 I would not, if I could, rejoice
 When Thou dost weep for me.

The fields their vernal bloom display,
 But, though so bright they be,
 I would not, if I could, be gay
 When Thou art sad for me.

Sunshine o'er all, yet life is dull,
The shadow falls from Thee,
I would not, if I could, be full
When Thou dost fast for me.

Beside Thee in the wilderness
My place of love shall be,
Sharing in all the deep distress
Thou dost endure for me :

Beside Thee in the wilderness,
In watch, and fast, and prayer,
Thy steps to guide, Thy love to bless,
My only peace is there.

Yet O, how blest the chasten'd choice,
If peace indeed may be,
I would not, if I could, rejoice
When Thou art sad for me.



Palm Sunday.

Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the Name of the Lord; Hosanna in the highest.—S. Matt. xxi. 9.



COME, ye children of the Lord,
 Let us all, with one accord,
 Round our lowly Master bend,
 Tenderly His steps attend,
 Lay our hearts beneath His feet,
 And His praise sing loud and sweet;
 For, though wearing little state,
 He's our God, the good and great:
 Darkest night, when day is nighest,
 Sing, "Hosanna in the highest!"
 Freedom for the long enslavèd,
 "Hosanna to the Son of David!"

Long in darkness did He wait,
 Sorrowful and desolate,
 Now the deepest shades of grief
 Come before the last relief:

Soon the night shall pass away,
 Soon shall it be perfect day,
 Soon the world, O Lord, shall be
 Fill'd with light, and life, and Thee :
 Darkest night, when day is nigheft,
 Sing, " Hosanna in the higheft !"
 Freedom for the long enslavèd,
 " Hosanna to the Son of David !"

Laud, eternal praise and laud,
 Be to Thee, the Saviour God !
 Low though now Thou dost appear,
 Yet Thy kingly state is near ;
 Meek, and in no pomp of pride,
 Though Thou now dost humbly ride,
 Soon shalt Thou ascend Thy throne,
 Crowns, not palms, before Thee strewn :
 Darkest night, when day is nigheft,
 Sing, " Hosanna in the higheft !"
 Freedom for the long enslavèd,
 " Hosanna to the Son of David !"

Monday before Easter.**HYMN FROM THE LITANY.**

*Bow down Thine ear to me : make haste to deliver
me.—Ps. xxxi. 2.*

MERCY, mercy, God the Father !
God the Son, be thou my plea !
God the Holy Spirit, comfort !
Triune God, deliver me !

Not my sins, O Lord, remember,
Nor Thine own avenger be ;
But, for Thy great tender mercies,
Saviour God, deliver me !

By Thy holy Incarnation,
By its awful mystery,
By Thy Birth and Circumcision,
Saviour God, deliver me !

By Thy Baptism in Jordan,
When the Dove came down on Thee,
By Thy Fasting and Temptation,
Saviour God, deliver me !

By Thy Cross, and by Thy Passion,
Bloody sweat and agony,
By Thy precious Death and Burial,
Saviour God, deliver me !

By Thy glorious Resurrection,
Thine Ascent in Heav'n to be,
By the Holy Spirit's coming,
Saviour God, deliver me !

In all time of tribulation,
In all time of wealth, in the
Hour of death, and Day of Judgment,
Saviour God, deliver me !



Tuesday before Easter.

Lord, remember me when Thou comest into Thy kingdom.—S. Luke xxiii. 42.



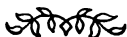
REE of Life ! that, in the desert
Fasting, became angels' food
For those souls which from the
Garden

Disobedience did exclude ;
O, if in Thine hour of weakness
I my hidden strength can see,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom,
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Crown'd with thorns, array'd in purple,
O my Saviour ! how divine
Art Thou in Thy robe of meekness
With that bleeding brow of Thine !
O, if through the scorn of others
My poor heart can loyal be,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom,
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Saviour ! when the world insults me,
I to Thee will turn instead,
See the mockers spit upon Thee,
Take the reed and smite Thy head ;
O, if then my soul ashamed
For Thy sake can gentle be,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom,
Wilt Thou not remember me ?

Christ ! the Rock from whence for thousands
Once the healing waters burst,
Now my wounded dying Saviour
Crying with parch'd lips, " I thirst :"
O, if I, through faith, can only
Find my freshest springs in Thee,
When Thou comest to Thy kingdom,
Wilt Thou not remember me ?



Wednesday before Easter.

LITANY HYMN.

O save me for Thy mercy's sake.—Ps. vi. 4.

PITY on us, Heavenly Father,
For the love of Jesus take!
And with Thine own Holy Spirit
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the lowly cradle manger,
Over which the Angels spake
Songs of peace and words of wonder,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the lowlier human nature
He for us did stoop to take,
All His toil, and thirst, and hunger,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the tears, whose loving-kindness
From His human eyes did break,
When He stood by human sorrow,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the words, whose free forgiveness
In the dying thief did wake
Hopes of Paradise, and pardon,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the love, that for His mother
Did a last provision make
In her hour of desolation,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the plea, that in His passion
He did for His murderers take
And prefer before His Father,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By the thorns, that mocking crown'd Him,
By the bloody Sweat, that brake
From His brow in bitter anguish,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

By His limbs outstretch'd and wounded,
By the cleft the spear did make,
By the Blood, and by the Water,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

From a heart by sin deceivèd,
Bent, with froward will, to take
Its own downward course of madness,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

From a foul, whose death-like slumber
Will not at Thy voice awake,
But sleep on, nor heed its danger,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

From foul hands, and thoughts uncleanly
That their resting-place would make
In the souls redeem'd by Jesus,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

In the time of tears and laughter,
When we sleep, and when we wake,
Resting, rising, coming, going,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

In the hour of our departure,
When life's ling'ring sands do shake,
In the grave, and rest remaining,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

In the glorious Resurrection,
When the dead in Christ awake
At the voice of the archangel,
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.

In the awful Day of Judgment,
When the worlds before Thee quake,
Plead our cause, O God our Saviour!
Save us for Thy mercies' sake.



Thursday before Easter.

*O My Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from Me :
nevertheless not as I will, but as Thou wilt.*

*O My Father, if this cup may not pass away from Me,
except I drink it, Thy will be done.*

S. Matt. xxvi. 39. 42.

LORD, exceeding sorrowful
Unto death, for sin and Thee,
O, if it be possible,

Take this bitter cup from me :
Yet since other consolation
Than Thy favour I have none,
If Thy will be that I drink it,
Then, O Lord, " Thy will be done."

Weary, Lord, and heavy laden,
Sin its sorrow on me lays,
O, if it be possible,
From my soul the burden raise :

Or, if Thou wilt stoop to share it,
 Helpless though I be alone,
If Thy will be that I bear it,
 Then, O Lord, "Thy will be done."

In Thine hour of sore affliction
 None their faithful watches kept,
Even friends of Thine election
 Through Thy deepest sorrows slept :
Yet the eye that never slumbers
 Lights my darkness, cheers me on,
And the voice that never wearies,
 Pleads in me, "Thy will be done."

Watching by Thee in the garden,
 O my Saviour ! let me feel
Sweet persuasion of Thy pardon
 Into all my spirit steal :
And the blessed work completing
 Which Thy mercy hath begun,
Ever keep my heart repeating,
 " Not my will, but Thine, be done."

Good: Friday.

I.

Thy rebuke hath broken my heart.—Ps. lxi. 21.



HY rebuke my heart hath broken!"
O my Saviour! can it be
These prophetic words were spoken
Of Thy dying agony,
That so true and tender token
Of Thy living love to me.

O my soul! what dull affection
For thy Saviour thine must be,
If thou share not the dejection
Of *His* dying agony,
Who vouchsafes the great protection
Of His living love to thee.

O Thou greatly broken-hearted !

Stoop from Heav'n, and hear my plea,
By those tears of blood that started
From Thy brow in agony,
Let me never more be parted
From Thy living love to me.

By Thine agony of crying


When God had forsaken Thee,
By Thy wounds, and thirst, and dying
On that cruel, curfèd tree,
Hear me when my soul is fighting
For Thy living love to me.

Hear me, and vouchsafe the token

Which I long for most from Thee,
That the words Thyself hath spoken
May my own heart's utterance be,
" Thy rebuke my heart hath broken,"
Heal ! O, heal it, Christ ! for me.

II.

Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by? Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow.—Lam. i. 12.

 ESUS! gentle suff'rer! say
How shall we, this dreadful day,
Near Thee draw, and to Thee pray.

We, whose proneness to forget
Thy dear love, on Olivet
Bathed Thy brow with bloody sweat ;—

We, whose sins with awful power
Like a cloud did o'er Thee lower,
In that God-excluding hour ;—

We, who still in thought and deed
Often hold the bitter reed
To Thee, in Thy time of need ;—

Canst Thou pardon us, and pray,
As for those who on this day
Took Thy precious life away?

Yes ! Thy blood is all my plea,
It was shed, and shed for me,
Therefore to Thy cross I flee.

At Thy feet, in dust and shame,
I dare breathe Thy Holy Name,
And a great salvation claim.

Save me, Saviour ! stoop and take
Pity on my soul, and make
This day bright, for Thy dear sake.



Easter-Even.

Forasmuch then as the children are partakers of flesh and blood, He also Himself likewise took part of the same; that through death He might destroy him that had the power of death, that is, the devil; and deliver them who through fear of death were all their lifetime subject to bondage.—Heb. ii. 14, 15.



COME and deck the grave with flowers
 That is now a blessed bed,
 Where the truest Friend of ours
 Stoop'd to rest His holy Head :
 For the Saviour, in it lying,
 Did its grief and gloom destroy,
 Took from death the dread of dying,
 Gave to life its crown and joy.

Weeping once and hopeless sadness
 Round about its entrance lay,
 Now it is the gate of gladness
 Opening to eternal day :

For the Saviour, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy.

Still, though weeping, yet with praises
Sing we of the spirits blest ;
He who rose Himself will raise us
From this bed of mortal rest :
For the Saviour, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy.

Sure and certain expectation
Waits around the Christian's grave,
Glorious and complete salvation
All through Him who died to save :
All through Him who, in it lying,
Did its grief and gloom destroy,
Took from death the dread of dying,
Gave to life its crown and joy.

Praise to God ! of life the Giver,
Praise to Christ ! its Saviour Lord,
Praise to God the Spirit ! ever
On our hearts His gifts be pour'd :
Triune God ! Thy life, supplying
Endless life, doth death destroy,
Takes from it the dread of dying,
Gives to life its crown and joy.



Easter-day.

I.

Christ is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 Cor. xv. 20.



CHRIST is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead !
Gratefully our hearts adore Him,
As His light once more appears,
Bowing down in joy before Him,
Rising up from grief and tears :
Christ is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead.

Christ is risen ! all the sadness
Of our Lenten fast is o'er,

Through the open gates of gladness
He returns to life once more :
Death and hell before Him bending,
He doth rise, the Victor now,
Angels on His steps attending,
Glory round His wounded brow ;
Christ is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead !

Christ is risen ! all the sorrow,
That last evening round Him lay,
Now hath found a glorious morrow
In the rising of to-day :
And the grave its first-fruits giveth,
Springing up from holy ground,
He was dead, but now He liveth,
He was lost, but He is found :
Christ is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead !

Christ is risen ! henceforth never
Death or hell shall us enthrall,
Be we Christ's, in Him for ever
We have triumph'd over all ;
All the doubting and dejection
Of our trembling hearts have ceased,
'Tis His day of Resurrection !
Let us rise and keep the Feast :
Christ is risen ! Alleluia !
Risen our victorious Head !
Sing His praises ! Alleluia !
Christ is risen from the dead !



II.

*Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the
Lord is risen upon thee.—Is. lx. 1.*



WAKE, glad soul ! awake ! awake !
Thy Lord hath risen long,
Go to His grave, and with thee take
Both tuneful heart and song ;
Where Life is waking all around,
Where Love's sweet voices sing,
The first bright Blossom may be found
Of an Eternal Spring.

O Love ! which lightens all distress,
Love, death cannot destroy,
O Grave ! whose very emptiness
To Faith is full of joy ;
Let but that Love our hearts supply
From Heaven's exhaustless Spring,
Then, Grave, where is thy victory ?
And, Death, where is thy sting ?

The shade and gloom of life are fled
This Resurrection-day,
Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
The grave hath no more prey ;
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
In Christ we wake and rise,
And the sad tears death makes us weep,
He wipes from all our eyes.

And every bird, and every tree,
And every opening flower,
Proclaim His glorious victory,
His Resurrection-power ;
The folds are glad, the fields rejoice,
With vernal verdure spread,
The little hills lift up their voice
And shout that Death is dead.


Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !
And seek thy risen Lord,
Joy in His Resurrection take,
And comfort in His word ;

And let thy life, through all its ways,
One long thanksgiving be,
Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
“ Christ died, and rose for me.”



Monday in Easter Week.

His banner over me was Love.—Cant. ii. 4.

S apple-trees among the trees
Of all the wood appear,
So my Beloved among the sons
Is beautiful and dear.

I sat under His shadow,
Sat down with great delight,
His fruit was sweet unto my taste,
And pleasant to my sight.

He brought me to His banquet-house,
His banners o'er me move ;
Stay me with flagons, comfort me,
For I am sick of love.

His left hand is my head's support,
His right my heart's repose,
O daughters of Jerusalem!
I charge you by the roes,

And by the hinds that haunt the field,
And by this hour of ease,
O, stir not up my Best-beloved,
Nor wake Him, till He please!



Tuesday in Easter Week.

The voice of my Beloved.—Cant. ii. 8.

MY Best-belovèd spake to me,
And unto me did say,—
“ Rife up, my love, my fair one,
Rife up, and come away :

“ For lo ! the Winter now is o’er,
The rain is past and gone,
The flowers on the earth appear,
Reviving one by one ;

“ The time of finging birds is come,
The turtle’s voice is heard,
The fig-tree with her leaves is green,
The vine’s sweet smell is stirr’d ;

“ The tender grape is on the bough,
The bird upon the spray :
Arise, my love, my fair one !
Arise, and come away ! ”

My love is mine, and I am His,
Like a young hart or roe
On Bether's mountains He doth feed,
Up where the lilies blow ;

On Bether's mountains He doth feed,—
Turn, my Beloved, and stay,
Until the Day Eternal break,
And shadows flee away.



First Sunday after Easter.

*I did know Thee in the wilderness, in the land of great
drought.—Hosea xiii. 5.*



KNEW Thee in the land of
drought,

Thy comfort and control,
Thy truth encompass'd me about,
Thy love refresh'd my soul.

I knew Thee when the world was waste,
And Thou alone wast fair,
On Thee my heart its fondness placed,
My soul repos'd its care.

And if Thine alter'd hand doth now
My sky with sunshine fill,
Who amid all so fair as Thou,
O, let me know Thee still:

Still turn to Thee, in days of light
As well as nights of care,
Thou brightest amid all that's bright !
Thou fairest of the fair !

Can I forget the cloudy days
Of grief, when first we met,
When in life's lone and friendless ways
Thou didst not me forget ?

Can I forget those words of love,
So tender and so true,
With which, when Thou must needs reprove
Thou didst so comfort too ?

O never, never let me choose
Freedom from thy control,
O never, never let me lose
Thy sunshine from my soul.

My sun is, Lord, where'er Thou art,
My cloud, where self I see,
My drought in an ungrateful heart,
My freshest springs in Thee.

Second Sunday after Easter.

Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness.—Ps. lxxv. 12.

MY God ! how great the goodness
By which Thy people live,
How large Thy heart to love them,
How free Thy hand to give !

What can I ever render
For all Thy love to me ?
Myself I will surrender,
And Thine for ever be !

The clouds above drop fatness,
The valleys laugh and sing,
The little hills rejoicing
Leap at the voice of Spring ;
The air is full of sweetness,
The heart of joy divine,
O, would that greater meetness
Were in this heart of mine !

Why is it dull and barren,
Why is it hard and cold,
Why do not all its blossoms
Beneath thy love unfold?
O, leave me not forsaken,
My Saviour, leave not me,
Breathe on my soul, and waken
Its life of love to Thee!


Come down into Thy garden
To beds of spices rare,
Come see the valley's fruitage,
And gather lilies there;
Come and abide for ever,
Its beauty to restore,
Make it Thine own, and never,
O never leave it more!



Third Sunday after Easter.

The shadow of a great Rock in a weary land.

Isaiah xxxii. 2.

HADOW of a mighty Rock !
Stretching o'er a weary land,
Hide me from the tempest's shock,
Let me in Thy shelter stand.

When Thy Presence, O my God !
Brighter is than eye can see,
Shadow on the heavenward road,
Let me find my shade in Thee.

When life's passions o'er me break
Like a storm against the wall,
Let me find, for mercy's sake,
Shelter where Thy shadows fall.

Out of Thee are shades of death,
Weary ways and hours unblest,
Shadow of the Rock ! beneath
Thee alone are joy and rest.

Till the race of life be run,
Till my soul in rest be laid,
God of gods, Thou art my fun !
Son of God, be Thou my shade !



Fourth Sunday after Easter.*Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.*

1 Chron. xvi. 29.

**WORSHIP** the Lord in the beauty
of holiness !Bow down before Him, His glory
proclaim,With gold of obedience, and incense of low-
liness,Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His
Name !Low at His feet lay thy burden of carefulness,
High on His heart He will bear it for thee,
Comfort thy sorrows, and answer thy prayer-
fulness,

Guiding thy steps as may best for thee be.

Fear not to enter His courts in the slenderness
Of the poor wealth thou wouldst reckon as
thine,
Truth in its beauty, and love in its tenderness,
These are the offerings to lay on His shrine.

These, though we bring them in trembling
and fearfulness,
He will accept for the Name that is dear ;
Mornings of joy give for evenings of tearfulness,
Trust for our trembling, and hope for our
fear.

O, worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness !
Bow down before Him, His glory proclaim,
With gold of obedience, and incense of low-
liness,
Kneel and adore Him, the Lord is His
Name !



Fifth Sunday after Easter.


Great is our God above all gods.—2 Chron. ii. 5.

Thou Lord art good.—Ps. lxxxvi. 5.

For He is kind unto the unthankful, and to the evil.—

S. Luke vi. 35.

He is wise in heart.—Job ix. 4.

ET us low in rev'rence wait
On the Lord, for He is great ;
Great, and good, and kind is He,
God through all eternity !

Let us lie, as children should,
In His arms, for He is good ;
Great, and good, and kind is He,
God through all eternity !

Let us, with contented mind,
Praise His Name, for He is kind ;
Great, and good, and kind is He,
God through all eternity !

Let us in His strength arise,
Do His will, for He is wise ;
Great, good, kind, and wise is He,
God through all eternity !

To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise for ever offer'd be,
God through all eternity !



Ascension Day.

God is gone up with a merry noise : and the Lord with the sound of the trump.

O sing praises, sing praises unto our God : O sing praises, sing praises unto our King.—Ps. xlvii. 5, 6.



SING, O Heavens! O Earth, rejoice!
Angel harp, and human voice,
Round Him, as He rises, raise
Your ascending Saviour's praise.

Alleluia !

Bruisèd is the serpent's head,
Hell is vanquish'd, Death is dead,
And to Christ, gone up on high,
Captive is captivity.

Alleluia !

All His work and warfare done,
He into His Heaven is gone,
And, beside His Father's Throne,
Now is pleading for His own :

Alleluia !

Asking gifts for sinful men,
That He may come down again,
And, the fallen to restore,
In them dwell for evermore.

Alleluia !

Sing, O Heavens ! O Earth, rejoice !
Angel harp, and human voice,
Round Him, in His glory, raise'
Your ascended Saviour's praise.

Alleluia !



Sunday after Ascension Day.

Why tarry the wheels of His chariots.—Judges v. 28.

THE night is dark and sad,
 The day is coming long,
 When shall all hearts be glad,
 All voices burst in song?
 O, when shall we
 Thy glory see,
 And, Saviour! ever rest in Thee?

Slowly the morning steals
 Upon our weary road,
 Why stay the chariot wheels
 Of our expected God?
 O, when shall we
 Thy glory see,
 And, Saviour! ever rest in Thee?


Blest be these waiting days
Whose fires within us burn,
Revive our hearts, and raise
Their hopes of Thy return ;
O, when shall we
Thy glory see,
And, Saviour ! ever rest in Thee ?

Revive Thy work, O Lord !
Come down in show'rs of grace,
Then, when Thou art restored,
We'll see Thee face to face ;
O, then shall we
Thy glory see,
And, Saviour ! ever rest in Thee.



Whit Sunday.

O my Dove, that art in the clefts of the rock, in the secret places of the stairs, let me see Thy countenance, let me hear Thy voice ; for sweet is Thy voice, and Thy countenance is comely.—Cant. ii. 14.

 HOLY Spirit ! long expected,
Come, Thou slow-returning Dove,
And the olive-branch rejected,

O, bring with Thee from above !

Holy Spirit !

Let the favour

Of Thy favour

Comfort all our hearts with love.

Comforter of those in sorrow !

Guide to those who go astray !

Teacher, all whose lessons borrow

Light from what the Lord did say ;

Holy Spirit !

Let Thy guiding,

Grace providing,

Lead us upward into Day !

O Thou Advocate !* whose pleading
 Wins back those whose souls have err'd,
 While, for finners interceding,
 Christ *their* Advocate† is heard ;
 Holy Spirit !
 Let Thy praises
 Help to raise us
 Nearer to th' Eternal Word !

Praise to God, the glorious Giver !
 Praise to Christ, the Gift bestow'd !
 Praise to Thee, the Spirit ! ever
 Make our hearts Thy blest abode.
 Holy Spirit !
 Dwell within us,
 Gently win us
 Back, in Thy good time, to God !

* Ἄλλον παράκλητον δώσει ὑμῖν, τὸ Πνεῦμα τῆς ἀληθείας.—
 John xiv. 16.

† Παράκλητον ἔχομεν πρὸς τὸν Πατέρα Ἰησοῦν Χριστὸν δίκαιον.
 —1 John ii. 1.

II.

*Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies
pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them
bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up to-
gether.—Isaiah xlv. 8.*



IFT of the Father's living love !
Hope of the Saviour's dying
prayer !

Drop gently on me from above
With the soft dew-drops of Thy care ;
Refresh me with Thy bounteous grace,
And make my heart Thy dwelling-place !

The hateful weeds of sin destroy,
The bloom of Paradise restore,
With beauty bless it, and with joy
Fill its waste-places evermore ;
Refresh it with Thy bounteous grace,
And make it Thine own dwelling-place !

It is the garden of the Lord,
But all unfit for Him to see,
Until its tangled paths, restored
To their primæval grace by Thee,
Become the ways where He will walk,
And by me fit, and with me talk.

O blessed Spirit ! on me rest,
And in me evermore abide,
What I should be Thou knowest best,
What I most need canst best provide ;
Refresh my drooping soul with grace,
And make it God's own dwelling-place !



Monday in Whitsun Week.

I sleep, but my heart waketh.—Cant. v. 2.



SLEEP, my heart awaketh,
'Tis my Belovèd's voice
He knocketh at the casement,
And bids my soul rejoice.

I rose up, and I openèd
To my Belovèd one,
My hands dropt myrrh upon the lock,
But my Belovèd was gone.

O daughters of Jerusàlem !
I charge you, where ye rove,
If ye, my Best-belovèd find,
Say I am sick of love.

Chiefest among ten thousand,
The fairest of the fair,
His head like gold is glorious,
Like clouds His raven hair.

His eyes like doves' are gentle,
His cheeks are as sweet flowers,
His lips drop myrrh like lilies,
His hands like golden hours.

His body like bright ivory
With sapphires overlaid,
His limbs like marble pillars
In golden sockets stay'd :

His countenance as Lebanon,
His mouth as cedars moved,
Yea ! altogether lovely ;
This, this is my Beloved !

This is my Friend, if Him ye find
Where'er your footsteps rove,
Say, daughters of Jerusalem,
That I am sick of love.

Tuesday in Whitsun Week.

Who is she that looketh forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners?—Cant. vi. 10.



HE Bride of Christ is beautiful!

As Tirzah she is fair,

And comely as Jerusaleam,

And terrible as war!

Her hair is as a flock of goats,

That over Gilead roam;

Her teeth are as a flock of sheep,

That from the washing come:

A flock of sheep—where every one

Hath lambs both twin and fair,

Among whose fleecy thousands

Not one is barren there;

And as a piece of pomegranate,
The earliest of the year,
The temples of her glorious brows
Within her locks appear.

Lo! threescore queens in splendour,
And concubines four-score,
And virgins without number
Wait round the Bridegroom's door;

His Dove, His undefiled, is one,
Her mother's only child!
Choice one of her that bare her,
Christ's love! His undefiled!

The daughters saw and blest her,
The queens beheld and praised,
The concubines confessed her
Above all others raised.

Who, who is she that looketh forth
Bright as the morning star,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
And terrible as war?

I am my Best-belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine ;
He feeds among the lilies,
And wanders where they twine.

Down, down into His garden,
To beds of spices rare,
My Best-beloved is gone to feed,
And gather lilies there.



Trinity Sunday.

I.

The mystery of God, and of the Father, and of Christ.
Col. ii. 2.

MIGHTY Father ! Blessed Son !
Holy Spirit ! Three in One !
Evermore Thy will be done !

Threefold is Thy glorious might,
Threefold is Thy Name of light,
Holy ! Awful ! Infinite !

Threefold let our praises be,
Great mysterious One, to Thee !
Undivided Trinity !

Mystery of mysteries !
Before Whom with veiled eyes
Songs of saints and angels rise.

Rainbow-like the emerald zone
That encompasseth Thy throne,
O Thou most mysterious One !

Thunderings and lightnings, roll'd
From beneath, Thy saints enfold,
Clothed in white, and crown'd with gold.

Holy, holy, holy Lord
God Almighty ! Father ! Word !
Spirit ! Three in One adored !


Threefold is Thy love to me,
Threefold let my graces be,
Faith, and Hope, and Charity.

Mighty Father ! Blessed Son !
Holy Spirit ! Three in One !
Evermore Thy will be done !



II.

Great is the mystery of godliness.—1 Tim. iii. 16.

ET all the creation
God's glory proclaim,
For life and salvation

Sing praise to His Name ;
While angels adore Him,
(Of all the adored,)
Let earth bow before Him,
All hail to the Lord !

All hail to the Saviour !
The gracious and sweet !
With gentle behaviour
Kneel low at His feet :
Sing loudly *His* praises,
Ye children of men !
Who only can raise us
To favour again

To God the good Spirit
Of wisdom and love !
By whom we inherit
The kingdoms above ;
Who found us or ever
We knew we had stray'd,
To part from us never,
All homage be paid !

To God, the great Father !
Hosannas we raise ;
To Jesus, the Saviour !
All homage and praise ;
All hail to the Spirit !
Whose Name we adore ;
Three Persons ! one Godhead !
All hail ! evermore !



First Sunday after Trinity.

And he went on his way rejoicing.—Acts viii. 39.



Our way rejoicing,
 As we homeward move,
 Such for us Thy purpose,
 O Thou God of love:
 Is there grief or sadness?
 Thine it cannot be;
 Is our sky beclouded?
 Clouds are not from Thee!

If, with honest-hearted
 Love for God and man,
 We be humbly striving
 To do all we can;
 He who gives the seed-time,
 Gives the large increase,
 Crowns the head with blessings,
 Fills the heart with peace.

On our way rejoicing
Gladly let us go,
A victorious leader !
And a vanquish'd foe !
Christ without—our safety !
Christ within—our joy !
Who, if we be faithful,
Can our hope destroy ?

Unto God the Father !
Joyful songs we sing,
Unto God the Saviour !
Thankful hearts we bring,
Unto God the Spirit !
Bow we and adore,
On our way rejoicing
Ever, evermore !

Second Sunday after Trinity.

Many waters cannot quench love, neither can the floods drown it; if a man would give all the substance of his house for love, it would utterly be contemned.—Cant. viii. 7.

LOVE, in all its depth and height,
 I will sing and never weary,
 Love, which maketh life so bright,
 And the drooping heart so cheery;
 Love, whose fountain is with God,
 And whose streams, in Christ descending,
 Flow where'er His footsteps trod,
 With all human blessings blending.

Love, in all its strength and might,
 I will sing, and I will prove it;
 Love eternal! infinite!
 Loveth me, and I will love it:

All I am or hope to be,
From that fount of life descending,
Riseth like a well in me,
Ever fresh, and never ending.


Sunbeams dancing on the sea,
South wind blowing o'er the meadow,
Bird and blossom on the tree,
Summer shine, and summer shadow ;
Outward glancings of the Love
That within, in fadeless beauty,
Lights and leads my steps above
Up the rugged paths of duty.

Love ! my God and King Thou art !
Ever will I bow before Thee :
Ever shall this grateful heart
Own Thy kingdom and adore Thee :
Neither life nor death can e'er
From Thy love, my Saviour, sever ;
Love hath made the sinner dear,
And that love endureth ever.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

I am the Lord thy God, the Holy One of Israel, thy Saviour.—Isaiah xliii. 3.

This is my Beloved, and this is my Friend.—Cant. v. 16

EST of the weary,
Joy of the sad,
Hope of the dreary,
Light of the glad;
Home of the stranger,
Strength to the end,
Refuge from danger,
Saviour and Friend!

Pillow where, lying,
Love rests its head,
Peace of the dying,
Life of the dead;

Path of the lowly,
Prize at the end,
Breath of the holy,
Saviour and Friend !

When my feet stumble
I'll to Thee cry,
Crown of the humble,
Crofs of the high ;
When my steps wander,
Over me bend
Truer and fonder,
Saviour and Friend !

Ever confessing
Thee, I will raise
Unto Thee blessing,
Glory and praise :
All my endeavour,
World without end,
Thine to be ever,
Saviour and Friend !

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

If there be therefore any consolation in Christ, if any comfort of love.—Philip. ii. 1.



HAVE no comfort but Thy love,
Without it life is death to me,
Joyless through all its joys I move,
Hopeless through all its misery ;
Yet, trusting Thee, I daily prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

Low is my heart, and high the tide
Of troubles which doth round it rise,
And drear the prospect far and wide,
Yet from it I can lift mine eyes,
And, resting them on Thee, can prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

Thou art the Rock on which I stand
When round me rages life's rough sea,
Mine anchor, and my shelt'ring strand,
The haven where my soul would be ;

Daily I feel, and nightly prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

O lift me higher, nearer Thee,
And as I rise more pure and meet,
O let my soul's humility
Make me lie lower at Thy feet ;
Less trusting self, the more I prove
The blessed comfort of Thy love.

For life is short Thy will to do,
My loss repair, Thy truth regain,
And years are fleeting fast, and few
The sands that in my glass remain ;
I must be busy, would I prove
All the deep comfort of Thy love.

Grateful my songs arise to Thee
With morning's dawn, and evening's fall,
For Thou hast ever been to me
My light, my life, mine all in all ;
My day is night, if Thou remove,
I have no comfort but Thy love.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

*Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of
Eternal Life.—S. John vi. 68.*

LORD, to whom except to Thee
Shall our wand'ring spirits go?
Thee Whom it is light to see,
And eternal life to know.

Though Thy dread mysterious word
Hard to human sense may prove,
Where can deeper truth be heard,
Dropt from truer lips of love?

Awful is that life of Thine
Which the Spirit's breath inspires,
And the food must be divine,
Which each new-born soul desires.

Israel on the heavenly feed
 Fed and died in days of yore,
 But the souls, that on Thee feed,
 Never thirst nor hunger more.

Lord, to whom except to Thee
 Shall we go when ills betide ?
 Who, except Thyself, can be
 Hope, and help, and strength, and guide ?

Who can prove what Thou hast proved ?
 Who can win what Thou hast won ?
 Who can love as Thou hast loved ?
 Who can do as Thou hast done ?

Who can cleanse the soul from sin,
 Hear the prayer, and seal the vow ?
 Who can fill the void within,
 Blessed Saviour ! who, but Thou ?

Therefore evermore I'll give
 Laud and praise, my God ! to Thee,
 Evermore in Thee I live,
 Evermore live Thou in me.

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

And I John saw the Holy City, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband.—Rev. xxi. 2.

JERUSALEM, the holy !
Jerusalem, the blest !
From highest heav'n descending
In bridal beauty drest :
Bride of the Lamb ! thy glory,
The light of God alone,
Shines through Thee clear as crystal,
And like a jasper stone.

Thy walls are great and glorious
Twelve pearls are Thy twelve gates,
By every gate an angel
For holy service waits :

And names thereon are written,
Angelic hands inscribe
The tribes of Israel's children,
On every pearl a tribe.

And twelve are Thy foundations,
All precious stones most fair,
The names of the Apostles
Are ever in them there :
Of pure gold is the city,
And golden is the street,
Like to clear glass transparent
Beneath the saved ones' feet.

And therein is no temple,
No place apart for prayer,
For the Lord Almighty, and
The Lamb thy temple are :
No need of sun to lighten,
No need of moon to shine,
Thy sunshine is God's glory,
The Lamb thy light Divine.

The nations of the saved
Do walk there in thy light,

Thy gates by day unclosèd,
Within thy walls no night :
The kings of earth their glory,
The queens their state do bring,
And lay them down in homage
Before the glorious King.

There shall in no wise enter
The things that do defile,
That work abomination,
And spoil God's truth with guile
But those whose names are written
In the Lamb's Book of Life,
They only shall be in thee,
Thou spotless Bride and Wife.


Jerusalem the holy !
My Spirit longs to be
Within thy walls of jasper,
Thy gates of pearl to see ;
And through the sunless city
To walk thy streets of gold,
And in thy moonless beauty
God's glory to behold.

Give me, O Lord, the patience
To labour and endure,
And, that I may behold Thee,
Give me a heart that's pure :
Write Thine own Name upon it,
That, after earth's long strife,
My name may be found written
In the Lamb's Book of Life.



Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

Thou shalt weep no more.—Isaiah xxx. 19.

EEP no more, my soul ! forgiven
Wherefore shouldst thou still be
sad ?

In the very courts of heaven
Angels over thee are glad :
Weep no more,—thy sighs of mourning
Changed to songs of joy shall be,
Happy in thy blest returning,
Christ no longer weeps for thee.


Far away by sin removèd
When most hopeless thou didst roam,
This one thought,—how thou wast lovèd,
Love awoke, and drew thee home :
When at distance and in danger,
Sad it was thy lot to see,
Now thou art no more a stranger,
Christ no longer weeps for Thee.

Life that is, and life hereafter,
 Saved by Him can none destroy,
 He will fill thy mouth with laughter
 And thy tongue with songs of joy :
 With His robe and ring He'll dress thee,
 Draw thee to His heart and knee ;
 With His Love's rich banquet blest thee,
 Christ no longer weeps for thee.



Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

Sweet is Thy mercy.—Pſalm cix. 20.

WEET is Thy mercy, Lord!
Before Thy mercy-feat
My ſoul adoring pleads Thy word,
And owns Thy mercy ſweet.

My need and Thy deſires
Are all in Chriſt complete,
Thou haſt the juſtice Truth requires,
And I Thy mercy ſweet.

Where'er Thy Name is bleſt,
Where'er Thy people meet,
There I delight in Thee to reſt
And find Thy mercy ſweet.

Light Thou my weary way,
Lead Thou my wand'ring feet,
That while I stay on earth I may
Still find Thy mercy sweet.

Thus shall the heavenly host
Hear all my songs repeat
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
My joy, Thy mercy sweet !



Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

*Jesus Christ the same yesterday, and to-day, and
for ever.—Heb. xiii. 8.*

LORD, my portion Thou shalt be,
Whom have I in heaven but Thee?
Lord, my heritage Thou art!
Who, but Thou, should have my heart?
O Thou most divinely fair!
Whom shall I with Thee compare?
Jesus Christ! Who changeth never,
Yesterday, to-day, or ever!

Thou my hope art, Thou my guide,
All my need in Thee supplied;
Thou my food, and fadeless dress,
Journeying through the wilderness;
Thou the Rock, whence ever burst
Waters for me when I thirst;
Jesus Christ! Who changeth never,
Yesterday, to-day, or ever!

Thou my cloud by day, my light
Through the darknes of the night,
Thou my pathway through the sea,
Left its waves o'erwhelm me,
Thou my triumph on the shore
When life buffetings are o'er;
Jesus Christ ! Who changeth never,
Yesterday, to-day, or ever !

In Thee are my peace and joy,
For Thee is my best employ,
From Thee all my strength descends,
To Thee all my duty tends,
By Thee I from bondage free,
Through Thee shall accepted be ;
Jesus Christ ! Who changeth never,
Yesterday, to-day, or ever !



Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

*Thy loving-kindness and mercy shall follow me all the
days of my life.—Ps. xxiii. 6.*

BRIGHTLY hopeful for the future
Fondly grateful for the past,
Onward, christians, ever onward
While the day of grace shall last.

Full of memories of mercies,
Full of hopes of calm repose
In the rest of heaven's fruition,
When the day of faith shall close.

Ever let our conversation

**Be in heav'n, though we are here,
Till the night of death hath vanish'd,
And the day of life appear.**



Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

*My Beloved is mine, and I am His : He feedeth among
the lilies.—Cant. ii. 16.*

WHEN I had wander'd from His fold
His love the wand'rer sought ;
When slave-like into bondage fold,
His blood my freedom bought :
Therefore that life, by Him redeem'd,
Is His through all its days,
And as with blessings it hath teem'd,
So let it teem with praise :
For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore !
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore !

When I forgot His tender love,
And my affections set
Not upon holy things above,
He did not me forget :

But gently chastening, gently tried
To draw me back to bliss,
And hide me in His wounded side,
Therefore I'm tenfold His :
For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore !
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore !

When sunk in sorrow, I despair'd,
And changed my hopes for fears,
He bore my griefs, my burden shared,
And wiped away my tears :
Therefore the joy by Him restored
To Him by right belongs,
And to my gracious loving Lord
I'll sing through life my songs :
For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore !
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore !


When I beneath my cross lay down,
And could no further move,

He raised me up, He show'd the crown,
And whisper'd, " I am love :"
Therefore that Love my song shall be,
And to my glorious King,
Through time and through eternity,
My life His praise shall sing ;
For I am His, and He is mine,
The God Whom I adore !
My Father, Saviour, Comforter,
Now and for evermore !



Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

*Teach me to do the thing that pleaseth Thee, for Thou
art my God.—Ps. cxliii. 10.*

 EACH me to do the thing that
pleaseth Thee,
Thou art my God, in Thee I live
and move,

O, let Thy loving Spirit lead me forth
Into the land of righteousness and love.

Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
To make me liker, draw me nearer Thee.

My highest hope to be where, Lord, Thou art,
To lose myself in Thee my richest gain,
To do Thy will the habit of my heart,
To grieve The Spirit my severest pain.

Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from
thence,

From self alone what could that peace
destroy ;

Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
My sorrow that I am not more Thy joy.



Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Thus saith the Lord, The heaven is My throne, and the earth is My footstool.—Isaiah lxvi. 1.

RESTING on Thy footstool, Lord !
Looking upward to Thy throne,
Treasuring each tender word
Thou dost utter to Thine own ;
Thine unseen perfections rare
Imaging from things we see ;
If Thy footstool be so fair,
O, how bright Thy throne must be !

Awful and invisible !
Girt with clouds and veil'd in light,
Great Creator ! Who dost dwell
Far beyond the reach of sight :
Blessed be the kindly share
Of Thy light which falls on me ;
If Thy footstool be so fair,
O, how bright Thy throne must be !


Low in heart from all my sin,
High in hope from all Thy love,
Still without, yet from within
Catching those soft gleams, that move
Round about me everywhere,
Filling all the world with Thee ;
If Thy footstool be so fair,
O, how bright Thy throne must be !

Mighty God, who didst victorious
Rise unto Thy throne again,
And the place of Thy feet glorious
Didst in mercy make for men :
Thee to follow be my care,
And my prize Thy face to see,
Learning on Thy footstool fair
Fitness for Thy throne and Thee.



Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

God be merciful to me a sinner.—S. Luke xviii. 13.

INFUL, sighing to be blest ;
Bound, and longing to be free ;
Weary, waiting for my rest ;
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”

Holiness I've none to plead,
Sinfulness in all I see,
I can only bring my need,—
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”

Broken heart and downcast eyes
Dare not lift themselves to Thee,
Yet Thou canst interpret sighs,—
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”

From this sinful heart of mine
To Thy bosom I would flee,
I am not mine own, but Thine,
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”

There is One beside the throne,
And my only hope and plea,
Are in Him, and Him alone,
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”

He my cause will undertake,
My Interpreter will be ;
He's my all, and for His sake,
“ God, be merciful to me ! ”



Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

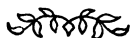
The poor committeth himself unto Thee ; for Thou art the helper of the friendless.—Ps. x. 16.

RICH and poor, and high and low,
Come and sing His praises
Who came down our grief to know,
And to gladness raise us :
Evermore His praise shall be
Offer'd deep and endless,
The poor commits himself to Thee,
Thou helper of the friendless.

Christ, incarnate in His poor,
Oft in deep dejection
Stands unnoticed at the door,
Trying our affection :
O, we think, what costly love,
Were He here, we'd show Him,
Yet neglectful of Him prove,
For we do not know Him.

When the poor prefers his prayer,
O, what wretched blindness
Not to see the Saviour there,
Asking us for kindness :
Not to hear His voice entreat,
Pleading want or danger,
Not to see Him in the street,
Naked or a stranger.

Let the rich His love declare,
Since He stoops to need them ;
Let the poor their sorrows bear
Gently, since He'll plead them :
Ever more His praise shall be
Offer'd deep and endless,
The poor commits himself to Thee,
Thou helper of the friendless.



Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Christ, our life.—Col. iii. 4.

LABOURING and heavy-laden,
Wanting help in time of need,
Fainting by the way from hunger,
“Bread of Life!” on Thee we feed.

Thirsting for the springs of waters
That, by Love’s eternal law,
From the stricken Rock are flowing,
“Well of Life!” from Thee we draw.

Driven out from happy Eden,
Far from home and shelter stray’d,
Toss’d with tempest, faint from sunshine,
“Tree of Life!” we seek Thy shade.

In the land of cloud and shadow,
Where no human eye can see,
Light to those who sit in darkness,
“Light of Life!” we walk in Thee.

Strangers upon earth, and pilgrims
Wearied with the world, and weak,
By life’s many ways bewilder’d,
“Path of Life!” for Thee we seek.


Vex’d with passion’s hateful bondage,
Longing, struggling to be free,
Where Thy loving banner leads us,
“Prince of Life!” we follow Thee.

Sick of sense’s vain deceivings
Crumbling round us into dust,
Strong alone in faith’s believings,
“Word of Life!” in Thee we trust.

Thou the “Grace of Life” supplying,
Thou the “Crown of Life” wilt give,
Dead to sin, and daily dying,
“Life of Life!” in Thee we live.

Seventeenth Sunday after
Trinity.

*Heal me, O Lord, and I shall be healed; save me,
and I shall be saved: for Thou art my praise.—Jer.
xvii. 14.*

 'M weary of myself,
And weary of my sin,
O Saviour! come and be
Another self within :
Come at Thy Spirit's call,
Stay not without the door,
But lift the latch, come in,
And dwell for evermore.

Sick unto death am I,
And death mine end must be,
Unless, my God, I find
Eternal life in Thee :

When shall my sorrow end,
When shall my joy begin?
O, save me from myself,
And save me from my sin.

I cannot rise or move,
I cannot think or speak,
Only Thy breath of love
I feel upon my cheek ;
It lifts my fainting heart,
It lights my languid eye,
It breathes into me life,
And says I shall not die.

I shall not die but live,
Mine is a Saviour's care,
I shall not die but live,
And all His works declare ;
The Love that death endured,
The Love that life bestow'd,
That all my sickness cured,
And saved me for my God.

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Although the fig tree shall not blossom, neither shall fruit be in the vines; the labour of the olive shall fail, and the fields shall yield no meat; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls: yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation.

Hab. iii. 17, 18.



IN Thee, my God, will I rejoice,
To Thee I'll sing with heart and
voice,

Thy praise at morn, and noon, and night,
Shall be my duty and delight.

Though bud and blossom fruitless fall,
Though flock and herd from fold and stall
Untimely perish, yet in Thee
My still unclouded joy shall be.

Earth and myself alone contain
All source of sorrow and of pain,

Then I from earth and self will flee
And find another self in Thee.

In Thee, my God ! from Thy pure skies,
All my fresh springs of gladness rise
True to their level, night and morn
To Thee in praise they shall return.

Thee, Whom to know is life and light ;
Thee, Whom to trust is power and might ;
Thee, Whom to serve is to be free ;
My joy shall ever be in Thee.



Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life.

1 Tim. vi. 12.

FIGHT the good fight
 With all thy might,
 Christ is thy strength, and Christ
 thy right ;
 Lay hold on life, and it shall be
 Thy Joy and Crown eternally.

Run the straight race
 Through God's good grace,
 Lift up thine eyes, and seek His face ;
 Life with its way before us lies,
 Christ is the path, and Christ the prize.

Cast care aside,
 Upon Thy guide
 Lean, and His mercy will provide ;

Lean, and the trusting soul shall prove
Christ is its life, and Christ its love.

Faint not nor fear,
His arms are near,
He changeth not, and thou art dear :
Only believe, and thou shalt see
That Christ is all in all to thee.



Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

*O come hither, and hearken, all ye that fear God;
and I will tell you what He hath done for my soul.—Ps.
xlv. 14.*



SOUGHT Thee when my heart
was low,

I found Thee and my hopes re-
vived,

And all the world from me shall know

What comfort I from Thee derived;

All that I needed, all and more,

Thy presence did to me restore.

I laid my burden at Thy feet,

My head upon Thy tender breast,

Thy Name of Love I did repeat,

And Thou didst understand the rest;

All that I needed, all and more,

Thy Presence did to me restore.

I wept the sorrow of my heart,
And Thou mine eyes didst gently dry,
I sigh'd through fear that we must part,
But Thou didst whisper "Ever nigh:"
It was enough, I ask'd no more,
Thy voice did all my life restore.


And now that life to Thee I'll give
With calmer trust and brighter joy,
In Thee, and for Thee I will live,
To do Thy will my sole employ ;
Thus most secure to part no more
With that sweet joy Thou didst restore.



Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

It is soon cut off, and we fly away.—Ps. xc. 10.

So shall we ever be with the Lord.—1 Thes. iv. 17.

“OON and for ever,”
 Such promise our trust,
 Though ashes to ashes,
 And dust unto dust ;
 “ Soon and for ever”
 Our union shall be
 Made perfect, our glorious
 Redeemer, in Thee :
 When the sins and the sorrows
 Of time shall be o’er,
 Its pangs and its partings
 Remember’d no more,
 Where life cannot fail, and where
 Death cannot sever,
 Christians with Christ shall be,
 “ Soon and for ever.”

“ Soon and for ever,”

The breaking of day
Shall drive all the night-clouds
Of sorrow away ;

“ Soon and for ever”

We’ll see as we’re seen,
And learn the deep meaning
Of things that have been :
When fightings without us,
. And fears from within,
Shall weary no more in
The warfare of sin ;
Where fears, and where tears, and where
Death shall be never,
Christians with Christ shall be,
“ Soon and for ever.”

“ Soon and for ever”

The work shall be done,
The warfare accomplish’d,
The victory won :

“ Soon and for ever”


The soldier lays down
His sword for a harp, and
His cross for a crown :

Then droop not in sorrow,
Despond not in fear,
A glorious to-morrow
Is bright'ning and near ;
When (blessed reward of each
Faithful endeavour)
Christians with Christ shall be,
“ Soon and for ever.”



Twenty-second Sunday after
Trinity.

*The Lord is on my side ; I will not fear : what can man
do unto me ?—Ps. cxviii. 6.*

N the Lord put I my trust,
He is gentle, He is just,
He my strength is, He my song,
And my crown will be ere long.

He may chasten and correct,
But He never can neglect ;
May in faithfulness reprove,
But He ne'er can cease to love.

While in Him my trust is true,
Fear not I what man can do,
Joy and health with me abide
While the Lord is on my side.

Thou my God art—I will praise
All Thy goodness, all my days,
I will even for Thy rod
Thank Thee, for Thou art my God!

Though Thou slay me I will trust,
Praise Thee, even from the dust,
Prove, and tell it as I prove,
Thine unutterable Love.


Therefore I the world defy,
While Thy hand and heart are nigh ;
Now, O Lord, my helper be,
Send us now prosperity.



Twenty-third Sunday after
Trinity.

My spirit hath rejoiced in God my Saviour.

S. Luke i. 47.

 O Thee, O dear dear Saviour !
My spirit turns for rest,
My peace is in Thy favour,
My pillow on Thy breast :
Though all the world deceive me
I know that I am Thine,
And Thou wilt never leave me,
O blessed Saviour mine.

In Thee my trust abideth,
On Thee my hope relies,
O Thou whose love provideth
For all beneath the skies :

O Thou whose mercy found me,
 From bondage set me free,
 And then for ever bound me,
 With threefold cords to Thee.

My grief is in the dulness
 With which this sluggish heart
 Doth open to the fulness
 Of all Thou wouldst impart :
 My joy is in Thy beauty
 Of holiness divine,
 My comfort in the duty
 That binds my life in Thine.

Alas, that I should ever
 Have fail'd in love to Thee,
 The only one who never
 Forgat or slighted me !
 O for a heart to love Thee
 More truly as I ought,
 And nothing place above Thee
 In deed, or word, or thought.

O for that choicest blessing
 Of living in Thy love,

And thus on earth possessing
The peace of heaven above :
O for the bliss that by it
The soul securely knows,
The holy calm and quiet
Of faith's serene repose !



Twenty-fourth Sunday after
Trinity.

*O praise the Lord, for the Lord is gracious : O sing praises
unto His Name, for it is lovely.—Ps. cxxxv. 3.*



OTHER Name than my dear Lord's
Never to my heart affords
Equal influence to move
Its deep springs of joy and love.

Loving hearts and sunny eyes
Gladden all that round me lies,
Yet they all could never be
What my God has been to me.

He from youth has been my guide,
He to hoar hairs will provide,
Every light and every shade
On my path His Presence made.

He hath been my cloud by day,
Soft'ning pleasure's noontide ray;
And amid the shades of night,
He hath been my guiding light.

He hath been my joy in woe,
Cheer'd my heart when it was low,
And, with warnings softly sad,
Calm'd my heart when it was glad.

Change or chance could ne'er befall,
But He proved mine all in all;
All He asks in answer is,
That I should be wholly His.

O that I may ever prove
By a life of earnest love,
How, by right of grace divine,
I am His, and He is mine.



Twenty-fifth Sunday after
Trinity.

*He asked life of Thee, and Thou gavest him a long life :
even for ever and ever.—Ps. xxi. 4.*

WE ask for life, and mean thereby
A few uncertain years,
The sunshine of a changeful sky
Over a vale of tears ;
But Thou art better than our prayers,
And givest, in Thy love,
A shorter path through earthly cares,
A longer rest above :
From sin and strife, with sorrow rife,
Thine early call doth sever,
Thou givest us a long life,
For ever and for ever !

We ask for life Thy work to do,
For Thee to toil and win,

To warn the many, save the few,
From sorrow and from sin :
In rolling years and fleeting breath
We think the charm must lie,
Thou teachest that a faithful death
Is highest victory ;
When from earth's tangled maze of strife
Thy hand doth early sever,
Thou givest us a long life,
For ever and for ever !

We ask for life, and little dream
The answer we'll receive,
No answer it at first doth seem,
So little we believe :
But soon the hidden power is felt,
The leaven of the soul,
Which every thought and throb doth melt
Into one perfect whole ;
While bearing upward through the strife
From which we may not sever,
Thou givest us a long life,
For ever and for ever !

Sunday next before Advent.

Thou art fair, my love ; there is no spot in thee.

Cant. iv. 7.



WOULD that I were fairer, Lord !

More what Thy Bride should be,

More meet to be the sharer, Lord !

Of Love and heav'n with Thee ;

Yet if Thy Love with me Thou'lt share,

I know that Love can make me fair.

O, would that I were purer, Lord !

More fill'd with grace divine,

O, would that I were surer, Lord !

That my whole heart is Thine ;

Were it so pure that I might see

Thy beauty, I would grow like Thee.

O, would that I could higher, Lord

Above these senses live,

Each feeling, each desire, Lord !
 Could wholly to Thee give ;
The Love I thus would daily share,
That Love alone would make me fair.

Thy goodness and Thy beauty, Lord !
 Shall robe and mirror be,
With ornaments of duty, Lord !
 I'll deck my soul for Thee ;
Till all Thy Love, beyond compare,
Pass into me, and make me fair.




The Presentation of Christ in the Temple,

COMMONLY CALLED THE PURIFICATION OF

S. MARY THE VIRGIN.

Yet once, it is a little while, and I will shake the heavens, and the earth, and the sea, and the dry land; and I will shake all nations, and the desire of all nations shall come: and I will fill this house with glory, saith the Lord of Hosts.—Haggai ii. 6, 7.

ORD, to Thy holy Temple
Return, return again,
Come back and fill with glory
The hearts and ways of men :
Not as a lowly infant,
Unnoticed and unknown,
But in the royal splendour
Of Thine eternal throne.

182 *PRESENTATION OF CHRIST*

O Thou, Whom we delight in,
The messenger of love !
Come to Thy temple quickly
Back from Thy throne above :
But who may bide Thy coming,
Who hear Thy footsteps tread,
Who stand when Thou appearest,
Thou Judge of quick and dead ?

Send down Thy Dove before Thee,
Till every heart, restored
By its sweet breath, adore Thee
Their only God and Lord :
And make our offerings pleasant
As in the days of old,
And as in former happy years
Of which our fathers told.

Come back and fill Thy Temple,
Built up of human hearts,
With that abiding Presence
Which never more departs ;

Come where the prostrate nations
Before Thy feet shall fall,
Come with Thy holy angels,
Come back the Lord of all.



Virgin Mary.

*And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us
(and we beheld His glory, the glory as of the only begotten
of the Father,) full of grace and truth.—S. John i. 14.*



SAVIOUR ! Thou this day didst
make

Thyself incarnate for our sake,
To share with us the griefs of life,
Its watchings, weariness, and strife.

Thou didst in flesh Thyself entomb,
Abhorring not the Virgin's womb,
All human life to soothe and save
Up from the cradle to the grave.

THE ANNUNCIATION. 185

There's not an hour of life below,
A want, a weakness, or a woe,
In which, to help the human heart,
Thou didst not bear Thyself a part.

Thou Who wast rich, becoming poor,
To give us riches that endure ;
Thou Who wast high, becoming low,
That we might to Thy stature grow.

Thou, God of Heaven, by human birth
A man of sorrows upon earth,
That we may draw our best relief,
From Thy dear fellowship in grief.

Lowly to us, O Lord, as Thou
In Thy humility dost bow,
So high our nature lift with Thine,
Till human things become divine.

And when the mortal would well nigh
Forget his immortality,
O, let this festal day reprove
Such wrong to Thine incarnate love !

Hymn for All Saints' Days.*

*Sing praises unto the Lord, O ye saints of His: and
give thanks unto Him for a remembrance of His holiness.*

Ps. xxx. 4.



YE Saints ! in blest communion
With Christ, the Fount of Love!
Ye who on earth are toiling,
And ye who rest above :
Unite to sing His praises,
And glorify His grace,
Your blessedness beholding
The brightness of His face.

Ye who have pass'd the river,
And enter'd into rest,
Who now are safe for ever
In Paradise the blest :

* This Hymn may be used on all Saint's-day Festivals,
by the introduction of the verse appropriate to each day,
after one, two, or more of the opening verses, concluding
with the last, or last two verses, as a doxology.

Refuse not ye to join us,
Who, suff'ring with Him here,
Yet love to sing His praises,
Through many a sigh and tear.

Bright throng above, how glorious !
Whom men bewail as dead,
But who, o'er death victorious,
Now rest in Christ your Head ;
Amid the Hallelujahs
Which swell your gentle mirth,
Ye will not be forgetful
Of those who weep on earth.

For you, in all your gladness,
We bless and praise the Lord,
To us, in all our sadness,
Your tenderness accord :
Till all, in Christ united,
Are safe around the throne,
His Saints in their communion
Complete in Him alone.

With Abraham and Isaac,
What crowds are seated now !
With Jacob and the Patriarchs,
What hosts round Jesus bow !
For them accept our praises,
For us, O Lord, their prayer,
Nor distant be the morning
When we shall meet them there.

S. Andrew's Day.

BLEST be thy faith, S. Andrew
Which readily obey'd
The calling of thy Saviour,
Nor wilfully delay'd :
His guidance and His goodness
In all thy life we trace,
And for thy soul's salvation
We magnify His grace.

S. Thomas the Apostle.

THY very doubts, S. Thomas !
 We gratefully receive,
 They make more large the promise
 To all whose hearts believe :
 The shadow resting on thee
 Thou wilt not deem a flight,
 If it bring out the Saviour
 In all His love more bright.

S. Stephen's Day.

FIRST of the holy martyrs !
 Whose suff'rings and whose prayer
 So like thy Saviour's sorrows
 And last petition were :
 For thee, thy Lord, seen standing
 Beside His Father's throne,
 Exalts the earnest pleading
 He offers for His own.

WHAT blessed beams of brightness
Upon the Church do shine,
Enlighten'd by thy doctrine,
Evangelist Divine!
Thy head upon *His* bosom
Whose heart is love's deep spring,
The tend'rest consolation
To His beloved doth bring.

The Innocents' Day.

FROM mouths of babes and suckli
Lord, Thou hast strength ordai
And infants in their patience


The Conversion of S. Paul.

THE churches of the Gentiles
 Before Thy footstool fall,
 And bless Thee for the preaching
 Of the Apostle Paul :
 His wonderful conversion
 In glad remembrance hold,
 And offer on Thine altar
 Its fruits an hundred fold.


S. Matthias's Day.

THY mem'ry, S. Matthias !
 The Church's hope assures,
 Strong in her Lord's protection
 All trial she endures :
 Preserved from false Apostles
 By His unslumb'ring care,
 The garments of her priesthood
 He keeps both clean and fair.

S. Mark's Day.

ORD, for Thy Holy Gospel,
And him, S. Mark, who taught
Men with its heav'nly doctrine
And souls to Jesus brought :
We praise and bless Thy goodness,
And for Thy Church implore
That in Thy truth establish'd
She stand for evermore.

S. Philip and S. James' Day.

SAVIOUR ! would we know Thee
The Way, the Truth, the Life !
Vouchsafe us grace to follow
Where Thou dost lead the strife :
With thankfulness rememb'ring
The high and holy names
Of those pass'd on before us,
Saint Philip and Saint James.

S. Barnabas the Apostle.

LORD, when the desolation
Of sin on earth appears,
The Son of Consolation
Thy Church's spirit cheers :
When gifts Thou art bestowing
Let her not giftless be,
Nor yet of grace to use them
In honour, Lord, of Thee.

S. John Baptist's Day.

FOR truth severe and holy,
A life so simply pure,
So bold all danger braving,
So patient to endure,
Found in Thine own forerunner,
Saviour ! we Thee adore !
Such love Thy way preparing
Vouchsafe us evermore.

S. Peter's Day.

SHEPHERD of the shepherds!

O Saviour of the sheep!

Who dost command us earnestly

Thy flock on earth to keep:

We praise Thee for S. Peter,

His earnestness and love,

For here his path of duty,

And there his rest above.

S. James the Apostle.

GOD! in Whom believing,

S. James refused to stay,

Father and mother leaving,

And all without delay:

We praise Thee for the gladness

With which, when Thou dost call,

Thy Saints their hearts surrender,

For Thee forsaking all.

S. Bartholomew the Apostle.

FOR him, who neath the fig-tree
In quietness believed,
For him who by his Saviour
Was joyfully received :
For him who, Thine Apostle,
Had grace to preach Thy Word,
And love what he believèd,
We praise Thy Name, O Lord !

S. Matthew the Apostle.

FOR grace, the grace that loosen'd
Custom's enduring hold
From off thy heart, S. Matthew !
And saved from love of gold :
We praise God in the churches,
And, poor though we may be,
We know, Lord, we have riches
Unsearchable in Thee.

S. Michael and All Angels.

FOR Angels and Archangels,
Whose service round Thy throne,
Thy will to do here teaches,
As it in Heav'n is done :
We praise Thee, and we pray Thee
That, as they serve Thee, so
They may on earth defend us,
Thy suff'ring Saints below.

S. Luke the Evangelist.


FOR Luke, the good physician,
Whose medicine was Thy Word,
Whose praise was in the Gospel,
We magnify Thee, Lord !
And for the wholesome medicines,
Which by Thy blest control
Heal sin's disease, we praise Thee,
Physician of the soul !

S. Simon and S. Jude, Apostles.

BUILT on the sure foundation,
 How fair the Church hath grown,
 Apostles, Prophets, Teachers,
 Christ, the head Corner-stone !
 With unity cement it,
 Lord, let it be endued
 With love, like Thine Apostles,
 S. Simon and S. Jude !

All Saints' Day.

BOR all Thy Saints in heaven,
 For all Thy Saints on earth,
 Elect in one communion,
 One in their second birth,
 We praise Thee, blessed Saviour !
 And pray for grace that we
 May come to joys preparèd
 Unspeakable in Thee.

 O Thee, O mighty Father !
To Thee, O blessed Son !
To Thee, O Holy Spirit !
Eternal Three in One !
All praise and adoration,
To Thee Whom Saints adore,
From every clime and nation
Arise for evermore !



Holy Baptism.

For with Thee is the Fountain of Life.—Ps. xxxvi. 9.

FOUNT of Life ! whence ever flowing
 Streams of mercy round us move,
 Blifs beyond all blifs bestowing,
 Purest blessings from above :
 We adore Thee,
 Fount of Life ! and Fount of Love !

With Thy living waters lavèd
 Souls are cleansed from sinful stain,
 With Thy great salvation savèd
 By Thy Spirit born again ;
 Thine for ever,
 Saviour of the souls of men !

Fount of Life ! by earthly waters
 We Thy gracious promise claim,

Wash therein our sons and daughters
From primæval sin and shame :
Breathing o'er them
Thy triune and mystic Name !


Doubt we not the Saviour's promise,
But most earnestly believe
What we offer He will from us
In His arms of love receive :
And in safety
Ever keep, and never leave.

Praise to God the Father ! Giver
Of the Son, Who from above
Comes, to dwell with us for ever,
On the pinions of the Dove :
Praise for ever,
Fount of Life ! and Fount of Love !



Confirmation.

*Thou therefore endure hardness, as a good soldier of
Jesus Christ.—2 Tim. ii. 3.*

ROUND the youthful soldiers
Of Christ, our Saviour King,
Throng we with glad rejoicings
And as we joy we sing ;
Praise to the God Who loves them,
The Christ, Whose Cross they bore,
The Spirit, that now moves them,
And seals them evermore !

The flower of the army
Of Christ is kneeling now
Before His sacred altar,
His Cross on every brow ;
That Cross, whose dews baptismal
First mark'd them with His love,
Now waiting the renewal
Of the descending Dove

Praise to the God Whose mercy
First placed that symbol there,
And then through years of childhood
Preserved it fresh and fair ;
To Him, Whose love confirmeth
The sign of grace to-day,
Nor lets the dews of morning
In noontide fade away.

Clothed in God's royal armour
The youthful warriors stand,
Round every breast a buckler,
A sword in every hand ;
On every brow a helmet,
Salvation's hope divine ;
Back from their jewell'd morions
The beams of morning shine.

God shield them in their beauty,
And keep them in their place,
And gird their loins with duty,
And fill their hearts with grace :

God give them a deliv'rance
From all their ghostly foes,
And, when life's toil is over,
Rest where His Saints repose.

Then round the youthful soldiers
Of Christ, our Saviour King,
Let us with glad rejoicings
This happy morning sing :
Praise to the God' Who loves them,
To Christ, Whose Cross they bore,
The Spirit, that now moves them,
And seals them evermore !



Holy Communion.

The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the body of Christ?—1 Cor. x. 16.

LORD ! when at Thy holy table
 We adore Thy presence, raise
 Every heart (for Thou art able)

On the wings of prayer and praise :
 Strengthen, with the heav'nly food
 Of Thy Body and Thy Blood,
 All who, feeble though they be,
 Come in faith to feed on Thee.

Where the Bread of Life is broken,
 Glorious is the holy place ;
 Where the Word of Life is spoken,
 Sweet Thy reconciled face :


Love and life, and faith and prayer,
Find their deep renewal there,
All we are or hope to be,
There we get, and give to Thee.

Mystery of awful wonder !
Thou the mighty God art there,
Clothed, not in Thy robes of thunder,
But in love, so rich and rare,
That the nearer we approach,
And the more by faith we touch,
We the purer blessings prove,
Higher joy, and deeper love.

Awful Presence ! ever filling,
As Thou dost, immensity,
Yet in all Thy greatness willing
Man's incarnate life to be :
O, the fulness of the bliss
We may know through love like this !
O, the rich and precious store !
Joy vouchsafed us evermore !

Harvest.

They joy before Thee, according to the joy in harvest.
 Ifaiah ix. 3.

ARTH below is teeming,
 Heav'n is bright above,
 Every brow is beaming

In the light of love :

Every eye rejoices,

Every thought is praise,

Happy hearts and voices

Gladden nights and days ;

O Almighty Giver,

Bountiful and free !

As the joy in harvest

Joy we before Thee !

Every youth and maiden

On the harvest plain,

Round the waggons laden

With their golden grain,

Swell the happy chorus
On the evening air,
Unto Him who o'er us
Bends with constant care :
O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free !
As the joy in harvest
Joy they before Thee !

For the sun and showers,
For the rain and dew,
For the happy hours
Spring and Summer knew ;
For the golden Autumn
And its precious stores,
For the love that brought 'em
Teeming to our doors :
O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free !
As the joy in harvest
Joy we before Thee !

Earth's broad harvest whitens
In a brighter Sun,

Than the orb that lightens
All we tread upon ;
Send out lab'ers, Father !
Where fields rip'ning wave,
And the nations gather,
Gather in and save.
O Almighty Giver,
Bountiful and free !
Then as joy in harvest
We shall joy in Thee !



Home Evening Hymn.

So we laboured in the work : and half of them held the spears from the rising of the morning till the stars appeared.—Neh. iv. 21.



SWEET evening star ! whose dewy
blessings fall
Grateful and fresh upon the hearts
of all ;

Sweet evening star ! due watch I'll keep,
With thee to smile, with thee to weep,
With thee, with thee, with thee !

Dear light of home ! dearer than evening star,
In thine own orbit lovelier by far ;

Dear light of home ! what joys more sweet,
Than from fond hearts around us meet,
In thee, in thee, in thee ?

210 *HOME EVENING HYMN.*

Giver of all ! both evening star and home
And mercies countless through Thy blessing
come,

Giver of all ! make them to raise
Each heart into a life of praise,
To Thee, to Thee, to Thee !



Church Building.

*Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which
is Jesus Christ.—1 Cor. iii. 11.*



CHRIST is the foundation
Of the House we raise,
Be its walls Salvation
And its gateways Praise !
May its threshold lowly
To the Lord be dear,
May the hearts be holy
That shall worship here.

On the Rock of Ages
Resting broad and deep,
When life's tempest rages
Here let passion sleep :
Here may prayer and praises
Never cease to rise,
Till, through Christ, they raise us
Nearer to the skies.

Here the vow be sealèd
 By Thy Spirit, Lord ;
 Here the sick be healèd,
 And the lost restored :
 Here the broken-hearted
 Thy forgiveness prove,
 Here the long departed
 Be restored to Love.

Here may faith attending
 Find fruition fair,
 Here may spirits bending
 Breathe the breath of prayer :
 Here may holy gladness
 Fill the waiting heart,
 Until sin and sadness
 Evermore depart.

Here may every token
 Of Thy Presence be,
 Here may chains be broken
 Prisoners here set free :

CHURCH BUILDING. 213


Here may light illumine
Every soul of Thine,
Lifting up the human
Into the divine.

Here may God the Father,
God the Saviour Son,
God the Holy Spirit,
Be adored as One !
Till the whole creation
At Thy footstool fall,
And in adoration
Own Thee Lord of all !



Missionary Song.

Peace, peace to him that is far off, and to him that is near, saith the Lord.—Isaiah lvii. 19.

 ΟΙΣ μακρὰν, καὶ τοῖς ἐγγύς,
 To the far off and the near,
 Fond thoughts of tender mem'ry,
 Brave words of hopeful cheer ;
 When round the hearth assembling,
 Love lighting every eye,
 The ruby wine is trembling
 In grace-cups lifted high.

To soldiers in the battle,
 To sailors on the wave,
 To those who, for Christ's glory,
 Go forth to seek and save ;

The Greek words here used, are those with which, on every Sunday in the year, one of our missionary bishops in New Zealand, as well as many of his friends at home, wish health and blessing to each other.

MISSIONARY SONG. 215

To all who from their country
Have gone, at duty's call,
To serve their God, τοῖς μακρὰν,
Good health and hope to all.

But mindful of the far off,
Forget we not the near,
That blessed band of spirits
Who hover round us here :
Who fill the vacant places
We all amongst us see,
And still are ours, τοῖς ἐγγύς,
May peace for ever be.

Τοῖς μακρὰν, καὶ τοῖς ἐγγύς,
With brimful heart and eye
We speak the hearty blessing,
We breathe the prayerful sigh ;
To those who toil afar off,
To those who rest above,
Τοῖς μακρὰν, καὶ τοῖς ἐγγύς,
Health, peace, and holy love !

Songs from the Song of Songs.

CHAPTER II.

Christ.

AM the Rose of Sharon !

The Lily of the Vale !

My love is as the lily

Among thorns in the dale.

His Spouse.

As apple trees among the trees

Of all the wood appear,

So my Beloved, among the fons,

Is beautiful and dear.

I sat under His Shadow,

Sat down with great delight,

His fruit was sweet unto my taste,

And pleasant to my sight.

He brought me to His banquet-house,
His banners o'er me move ;
Stay me with flagons, comfort me,
For I am sick of love.

His left hand is my head's support,
His right my heart's repose,
O Daughters of Jerusalem,
I charge you by the roes,

And by the hinds that haunt the field,
And by this hour of ease,
O, stir not up my Best-beloved,
Nor wake Him till He please.

The voice of my Belovèd !
Behold, He comes ! He comes !
Leaping upon the mountains !
Upon the hills He roams !

Like a young hart, or like a roe,
He stands behind our wall,
Looketh forth at the windows,
Doth through the lattice call.

218 *SONGS FROM THE*

My Best-belovèd spake to me
And unto me did say,—
“ Rife up, my Love ! my Fair One !
Rife up, and come away !

“ For lo ! the winter now is past,
The rain is o’er and gone,
The flowers on the earth appear,
Reviving one by one.

“ The time of finging birds is come,
The turtle’s voice is heard,
The fig-tree with her leaves is green,
The vine’s sweet smell is stirr’d ;

“ The tender grape is on the bough,
The bird upon the spray,
Arife, my Love ! my Fair One !
Arife, and come away !”

Christ.

My dove, that in the clefts of rock,
And in the secret stairs,
Dost breathe thy tender songs of love
And pour thy pleading prayers ;

O, let Me hear thy gentle voice,
 Thy loved face let Me see,
 For comely is thy countenance,
 And sweet thy voice to Me.

Take us the little foxes
 That spoil the goodly vine,
 Our vines have tender grapes, which
 From flightest hurt decline.

His Spouse.


My love is mine, and I am His,
 Like a young hart or roe,
 On Bether's mountains He doth feed,
 Up where the lilies blow ;

On Bether's mountains He doth feed,
 Turn, my Beloved, and stay
 Until the day eternal break,
 And shadows flee away.



CHAPTER V.

Christ.

 'M come into My garden,
My Sifter, and My Spouse!
I've gather'd myrrh with spices,
I wait thy soul to rouse.

My honeycomb I've eaten
With thymy honey sweet,
My wine with milk have drunken,
O friends, I bid you eat !

Drink, drink abundantly, Beloved !
For lo ! the morn doth break ;
I'm come into My garden,
My Spouse, my Sifter, wake !

His Spouse.

I sleep, my heart awaketh,
'Tis my Beloved's voice,
He knocketh at the casement,
And bids my soul rejoice.

Christ.

Open to Me, My Sister !

My Love ! My Dove ! My Light !
My head with dew is fillèd,
My locks with drops of night.

I have put off My raiment,
How shall I put it on ?
For Thee My feet I've washèd,
O, bid Me not be gone !

His Spouse.

His hand is on the latchet,
His foot is at the door ;
My bowels move to meet Him
As in the days of yore.

I rose up, and I open'd
To my Belovèd One,
My hands the lock with myrrh dropt,
But my Beloved was gone.

I fought, in vain I fought Him,
My voice went down the wind ;
I call'd Him, but no answer,—
I fought, but could not find.

The watchmen of the city
 They smote me rude and free,
 The keepers of the walls took
 My veil away from me.

O Daughters of Jerusalem !
 I charge you, where ye rove,
 If ye my Best-belovèd find,
 Say, I am sick of love.

Daughters of Jerusalem.

What more is thy Belovèd
 Than others' loves have proved ?
 Thou fairest among women,
 Say, what is thy Belovèd ?

Is He more fair than loved ones
 Oft met on earth below ?
 Say, what is thy Belovèd
 That thou dost charge us so ?

The Spouse.

Chiefest among ten thousand,
 The fairest of the fair,
 His head like gold is glorious,
 Like clouds His raven hair ;

His eyes like doves are gentle,
His cheeks are as sweet flow'rs,
His lips drop myrrh like lilies,
His hands like golden horns ;


His body like bright iv'ry
With sapphires overlaid,
His limbs like marble pillars
In golden sockets stay'd ;

His countenance as Leb'non,
His mouth as cedars moved,
Yea ! altogether lovely !
This, this is my Beloved !

This is my Friend, if Him ye find,
Where'er your footsteps rove,
Say, Daughters of Jerusalem,
That I am sick of love.

CHAPTER VI.

Daughters of Jerusalem.

 HITHER is thy Belovèd,
O, whither is He gone ?
Thou fairest among women,
Why wander forth alone ?

Whither is thy Belovèd,
Ah, whither turn'd aside ?
That we may seek Him with thee,
And bid Him with thee bide.

The Spouse.

Down, down into His garden,
To beds of spices rare,
Is gone my Best-belovèd
To gather lilies there.

For I am my Belovèd's,
And my Beloved is mine ;
He feeds among the lilies,
And wanders where they twine.

Christ.

O thou, My Love, art beautiful,
As Tirzah thou art fair,
And comely as Jerufalem,
And terrible as war.

Turn, turn thine eyes away from Me,
Their tender light remove,
For they have overcome me,
And I am sick of love.

Thy hair is as a flock of goats
That over Gilead roam,
Thy teeth are like a flock of sheep
Which from the washing come :

A flock of sheep, where every one
Hath lambs both twin and fair,
Among whose fleecy thousands
Not one is barren there ;

And as a piece of pomegranate,
The earliest of the year,
The temples of thy glorious brows
Within thy locks appear.

226 *SONGS FROM THE*

Lo ! threescore queens in splendour,
And concubines four score,
And virgins without number
Wait round the Bridegroom's door.

My Dove, my Undefined is one !
Her mother's only child !
Choice one of her that bare her,
My Dove ! My Undefined !

The daughters saw and blest her,
The queens beheld and praised,
The concubines confessed her
Above all others raised.

Who, who is she that looketh forth
Bright as the morning star,
Fair as the moon, clear as the sun,
And terrible as war ?

I went into the garden,
Where nuts in clusters grow,
To see the valley's fruitage,
And how the vines do blow :

To see the budding pomegranates,
Or e'er I was aware,
The chariots of Amminadib
My soul did upward bear.

Daughters of Jerusalem.
Return, return, O Shulamite,
Return, return, that we
Again may see thy beauty,
Again may look on thee.

The Spouse.
What see ye in the Shulamite ?


Daughters of Jerusalem.
Two armies, as it were,
God's host, a blessed company,
Encampèd round us there.







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